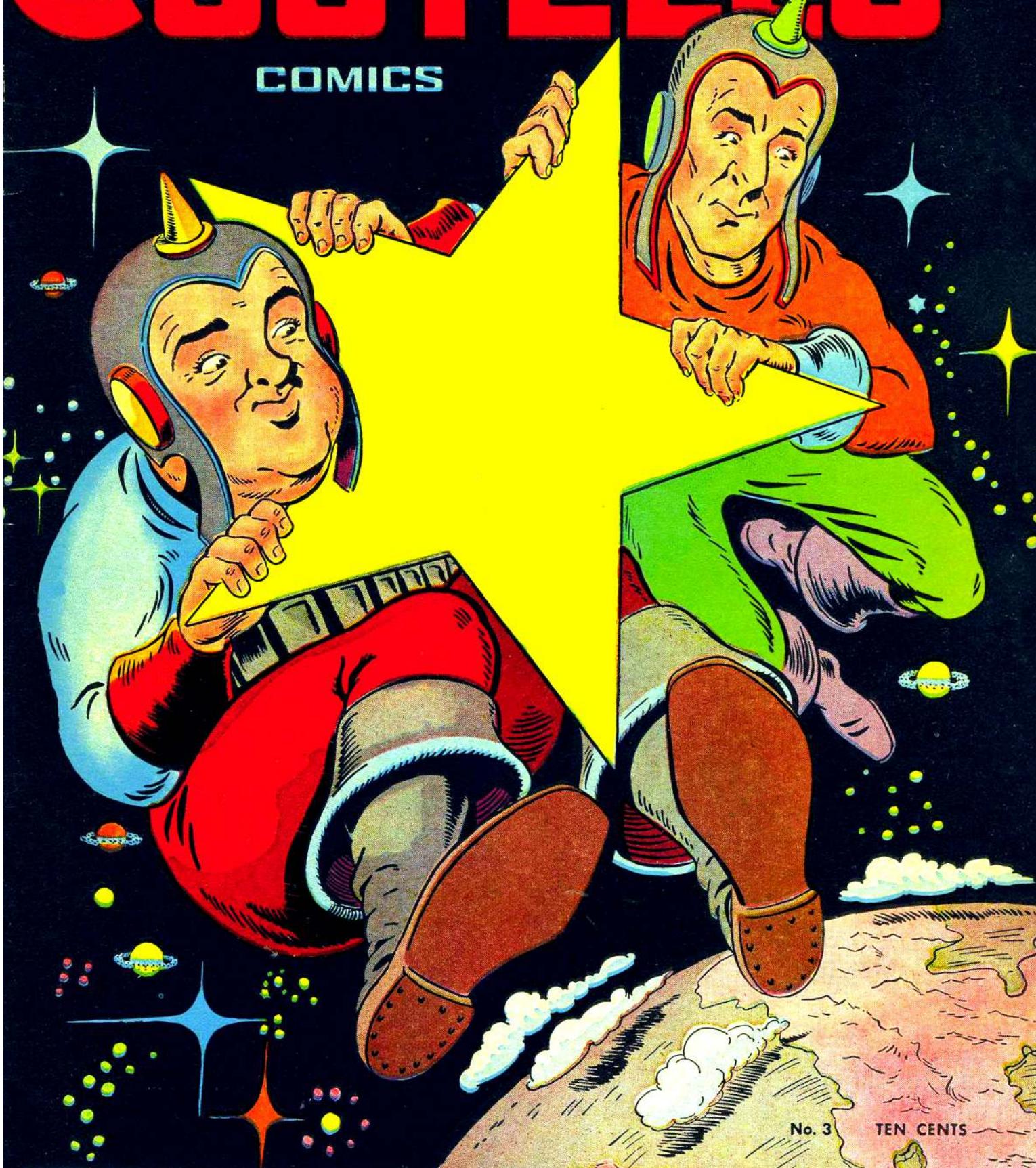


ANC

# ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

COMICS



**MEN!** Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western **BILLFOLD**  
POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western **BELT**.

### Embossed Cowhide Belt

De Luxe  
Quality

Beautiful  
WESTERN  
DESIGN!

GENUINE  
LEATHER

BILLFOLD  
CLOSED

BUILT-IN  
CHANGE PURSE

BILLFOLD  
OPEN

BUILT-IN  
PASS CASE

### ALL-METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT

- Ideal for home, workshop, auto and dozens of other uses.
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- Equipped with red plastic reflector which serves as a warning signal.

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**\$298**

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BILLFOLD  
and FLASHLIGHT  
only

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To save all shipping charges I am enclosing in advance with this order \$2.98 plus 22c Fed. Tax (total \$3.20). Ship my set postage prepaid.

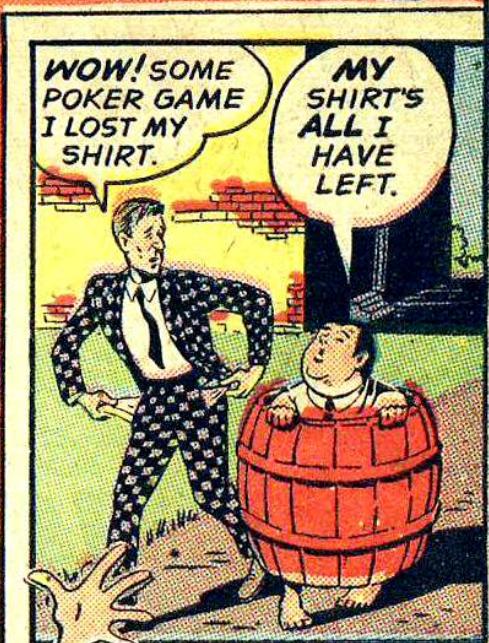
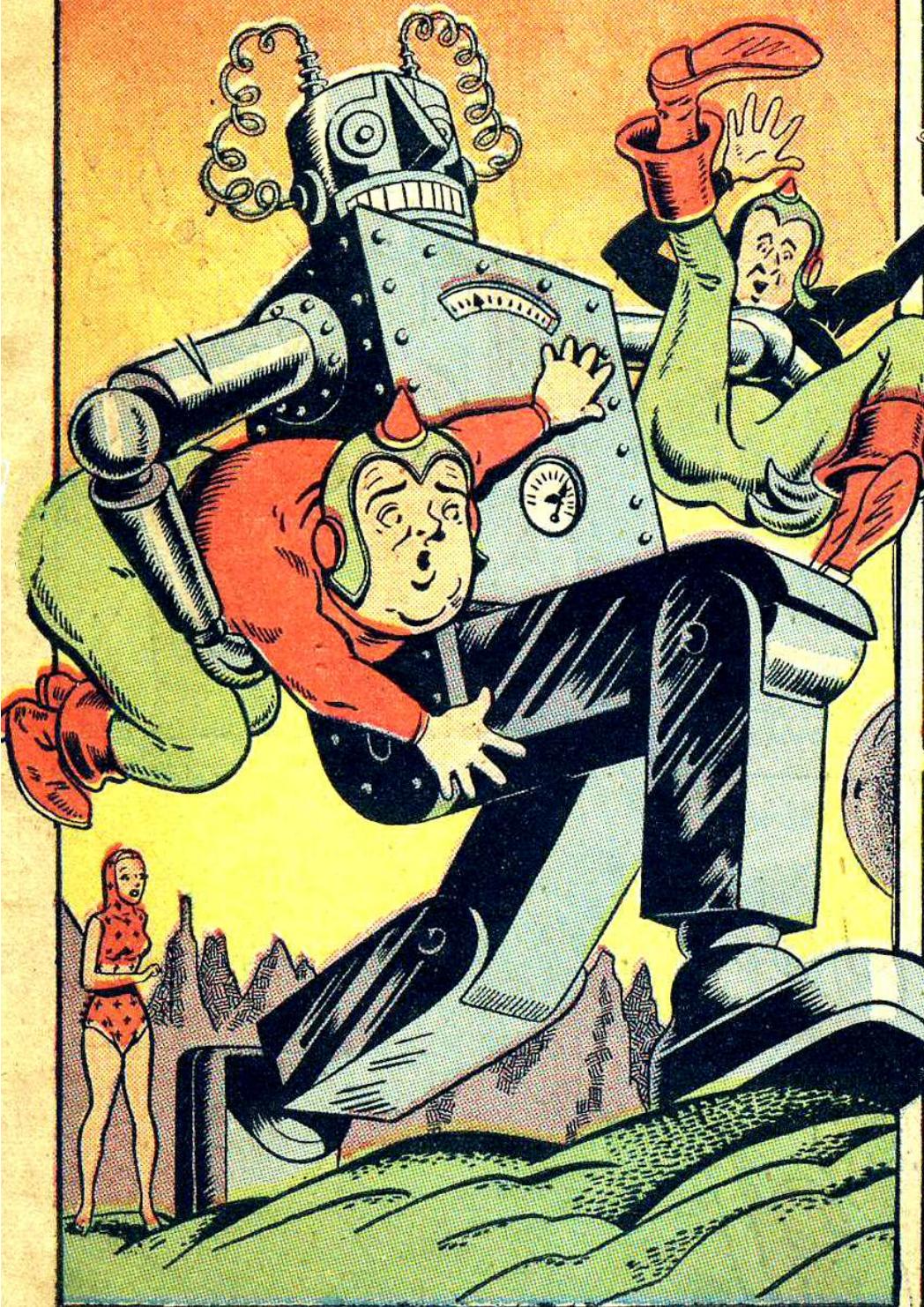
# ABBOT & COSTELLO

in "ABOUT SPACE"

A Story With a Future

by JOHN GRAHAM

Illustrated by LILLY RENEE' and ERIC PETERS



WELL, COME ON THEN. WHAT  
ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

MY...  
PUFF!  
BARREL.

MEN  
WANTED  
NO BRAIN  
OR  
PERIEN  
NE. 33-A

AHEM! YOUR "AD"  
HOLLERED HELP!  
THAT'S US!

AH, TWO  
FINE LADS!  
YOU'RE SENT  
FROM HEAVEN!

NO. WE WERE  
SENT FROM  
BROOKLYN.  
BUT WE  
WANT TO  
WORK.

AND SO  
YOU SHALL.  
BUT FIRST  
YOUR COSTUMES.  
THIS WAY  
QUICKLY!

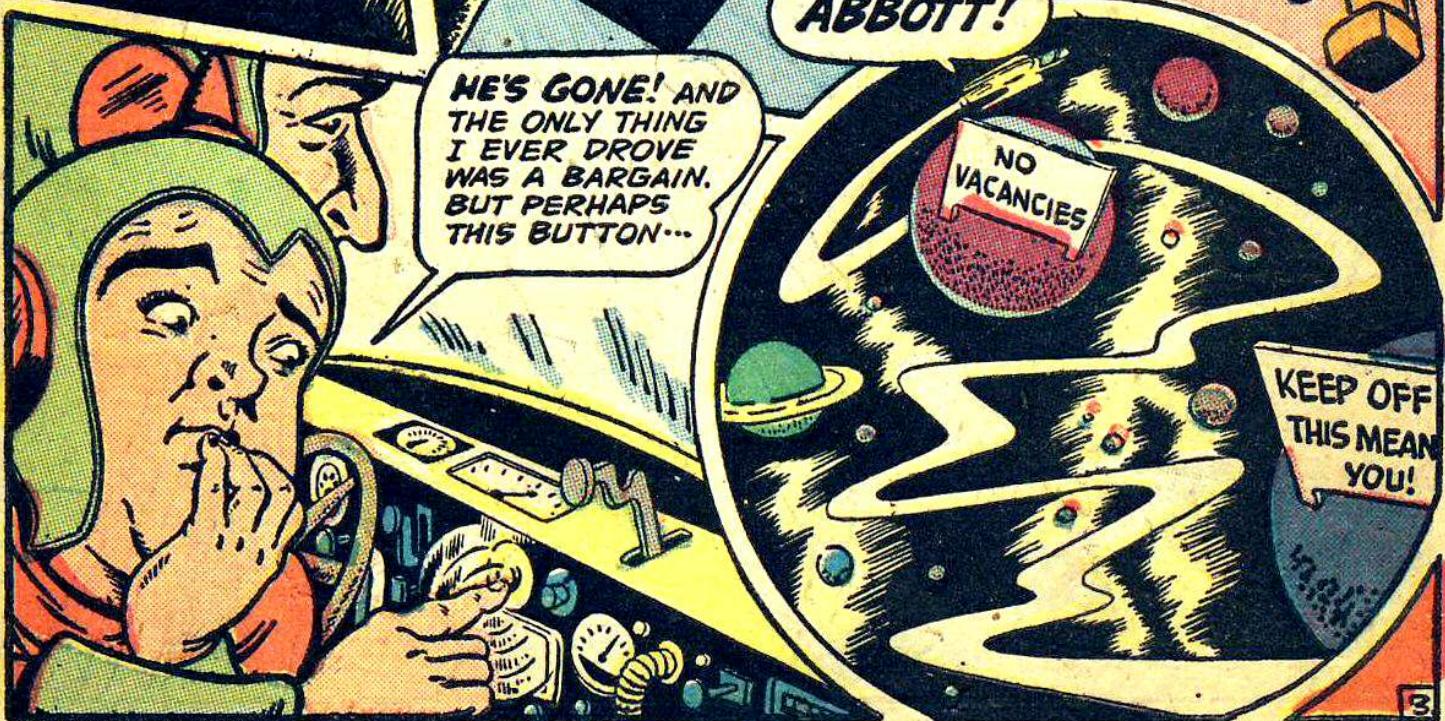
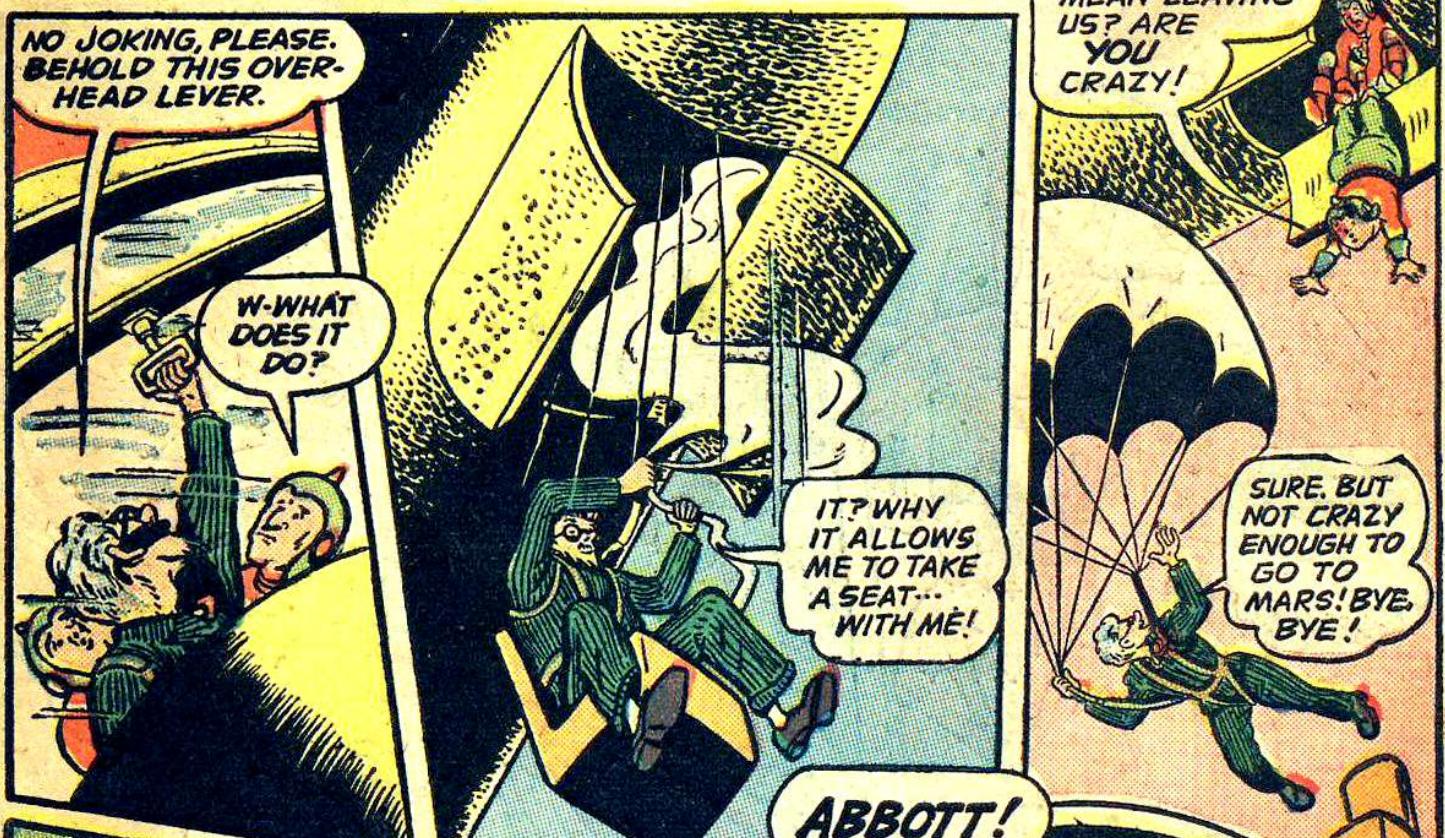
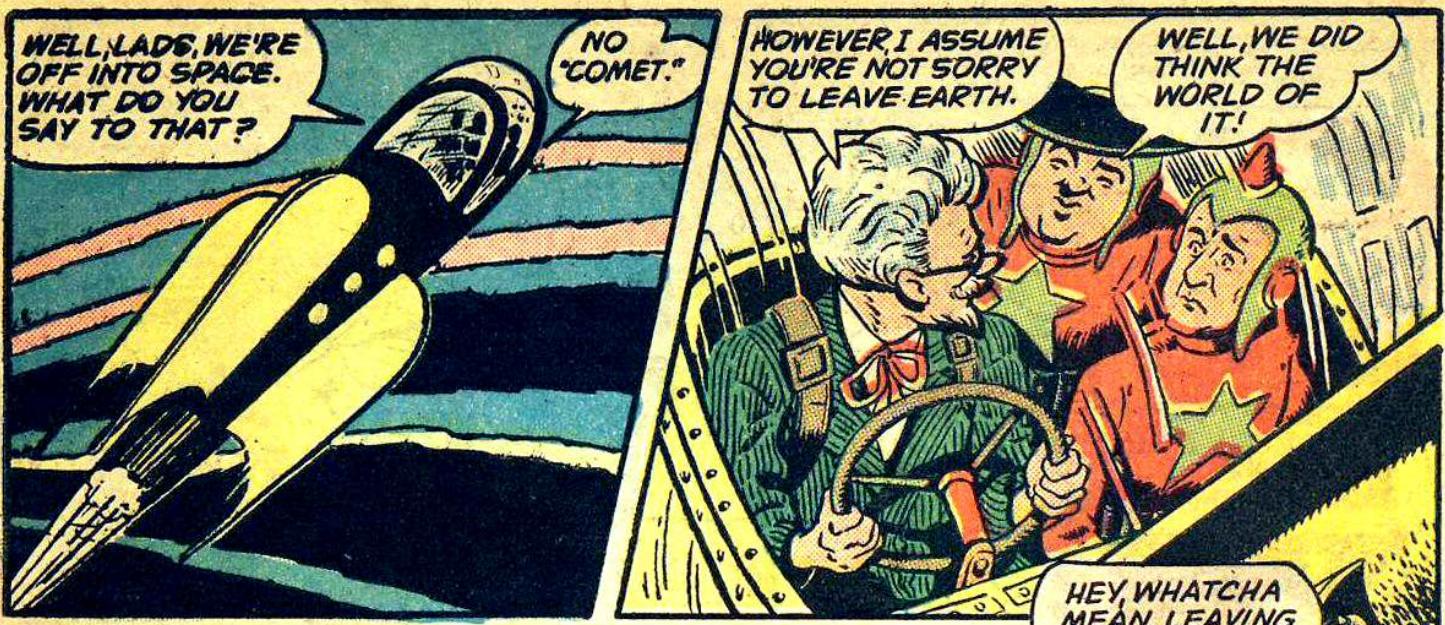
HEY, ABBOTT.  
WHAT KIND OF  
A SUIT IS THIS  
...ONLY ONE  
PAIR OF  
PANTS!

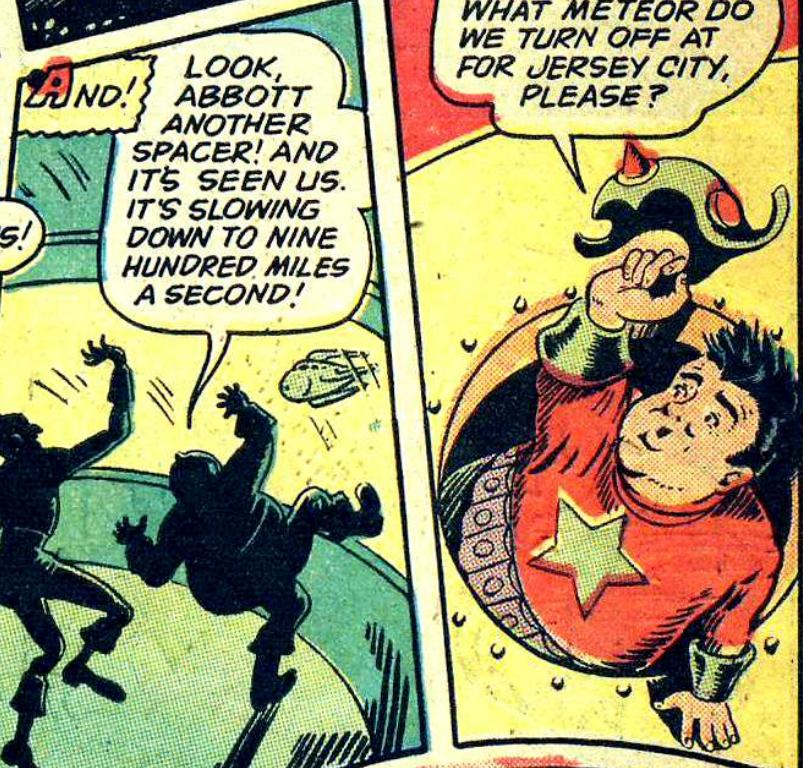
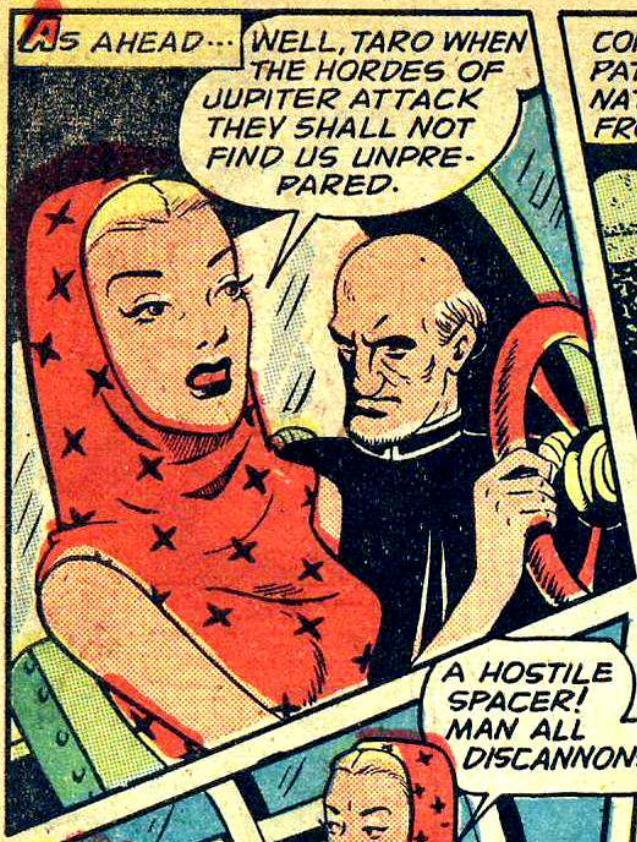
QUICKLY. THERE'S  
NO TIME TO LOSE.  
YOU SEE, WE'RE  
FLYING TO MARS!

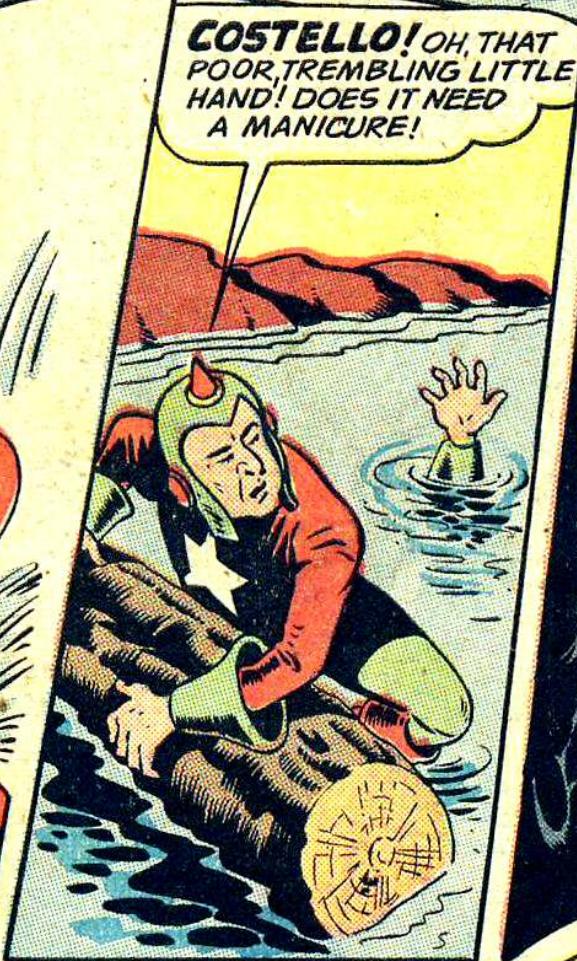
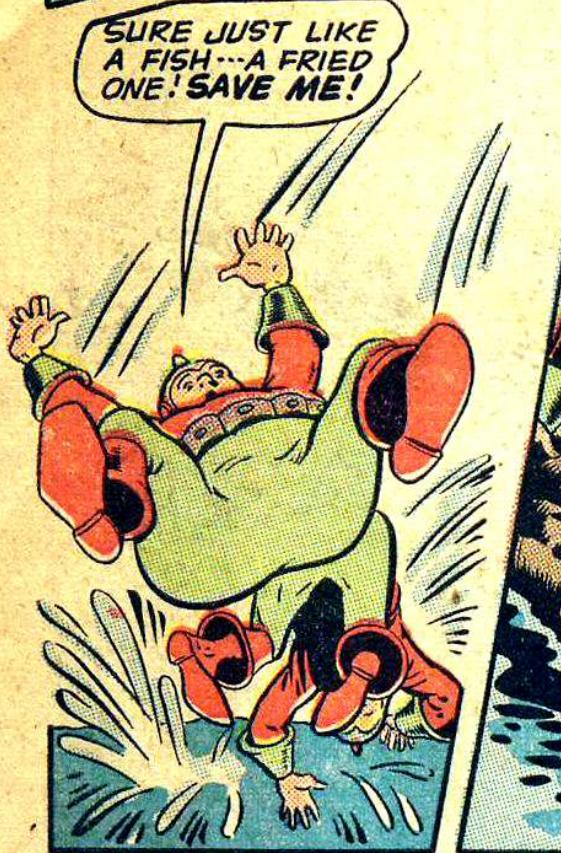
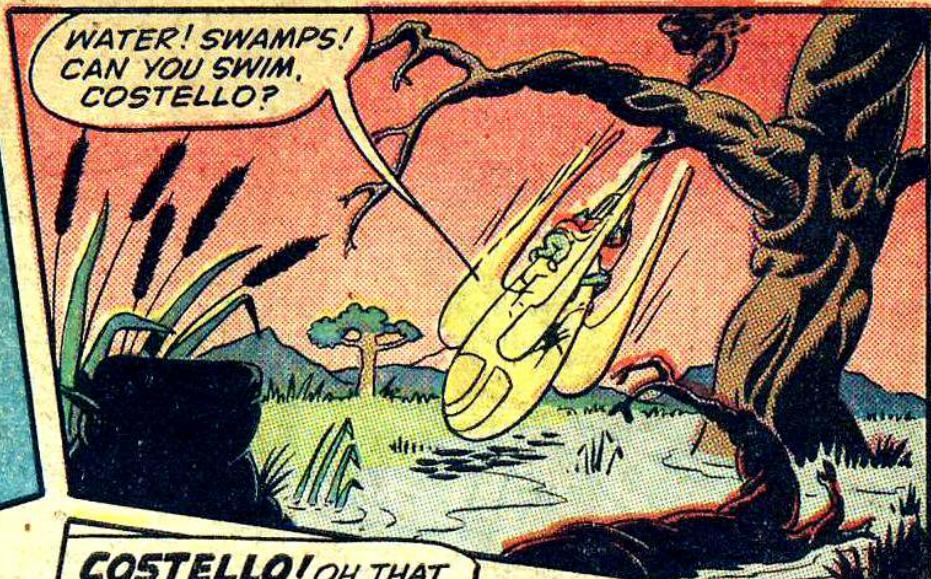
MARS!

C-C-COSTELLO,  
DID YOU HEAR  
THAT? WE'RE  
FLYING TO  
MARS!

SWELL! I  
LIKE AN  
OUTDOOR  
JOB.







"MEANWHILE, THE JUPITERIAN FLEET,  
BOUND FOR MARS, FILLS THE SKY..."

SET COURSE  
FOR SWAMPS  
OF DEATH!

TARO, ASTRA'S UNCLE,  
WHO TAKES OUR  
BRIBES HAS SO  
ADVISED.

IT IS WELL.  
ASTRA WILL  
NOT EXPECT  
AN ATTACK  
FROM THAT  
QUARTER.

"IS AT THE  
SWAMPS..."

A FROG! BETTER  
GET LEGS, FROG,  
OR YOU'LL BE  
FROG'S LEGS!

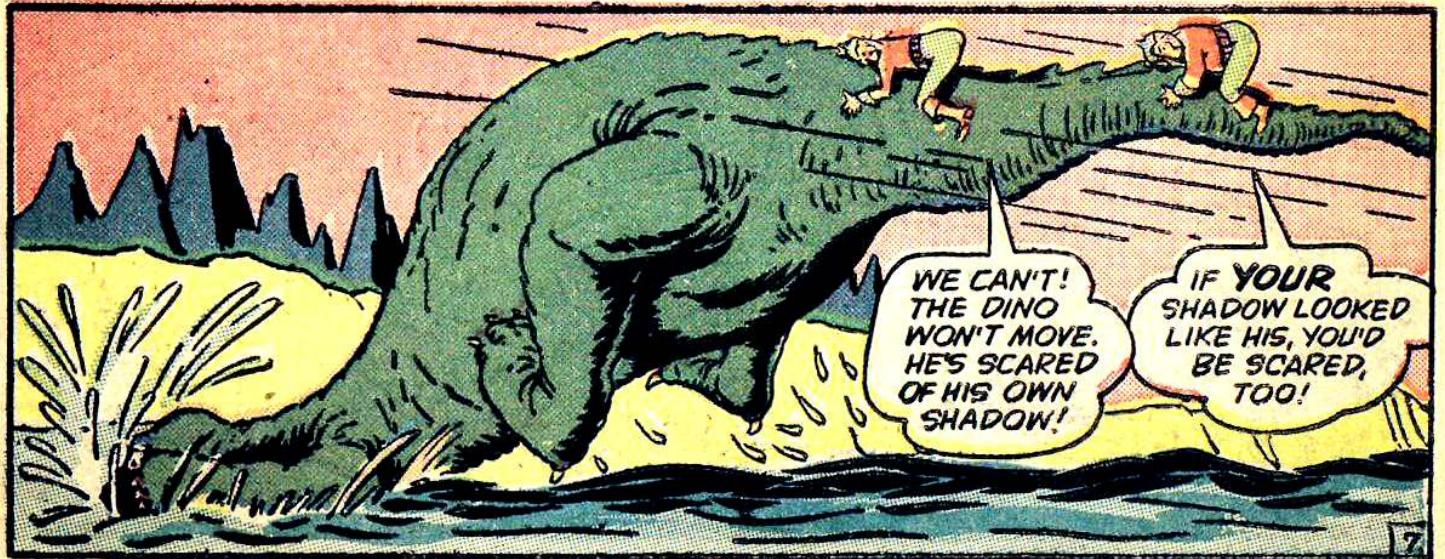
LOOK, HE  
BREATHES  
FIRE!

YEAH, BUT  
I DON'T  
THINK WE'LL  
BREATHE  
ANYTHING  
MUCH  
LONGER.

WELL, WHAT  
DO YOU KNOW?  
THAT ONE-  
MAN MOB  
SCENE IS  
SCARED OF  
THE FROG!

G'WAN YOU  
LITTLE BULLY.  
PICK ON SOMEONE  
YOUR OWN SMALL-  
NESS!

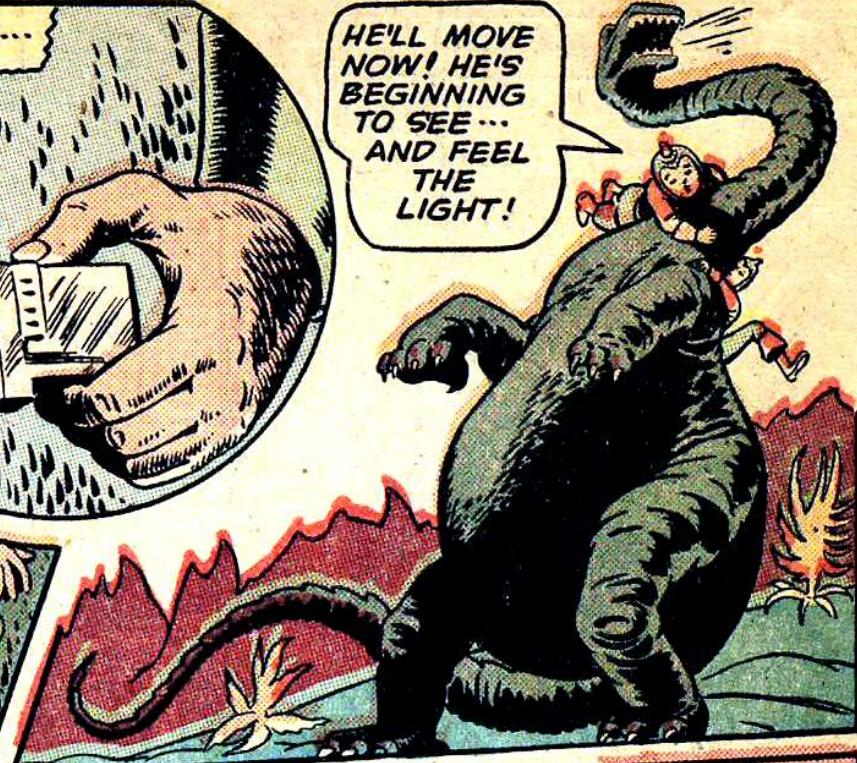
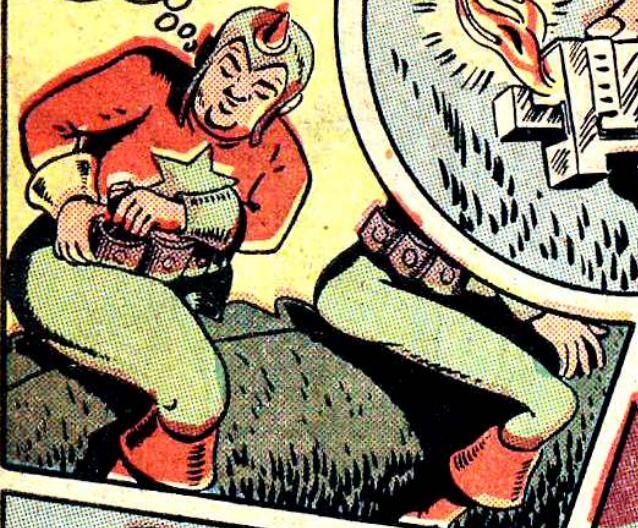
EASY, PAL. YOU'RE  
SAFE. STOP TREMBLING  
OR YOU'LL START AN  
EARTHQUAKE!



HMM... I HAD SOMETHING BACK ON OUR OWN PLANET, BUT "WHERE ON EARTH" DID I PUT IT? AH, HERE!

LAND...

HE'LL MOVE NOW! HE'S BEGINNING TO SEE... AND FEEL THE LIGHT!



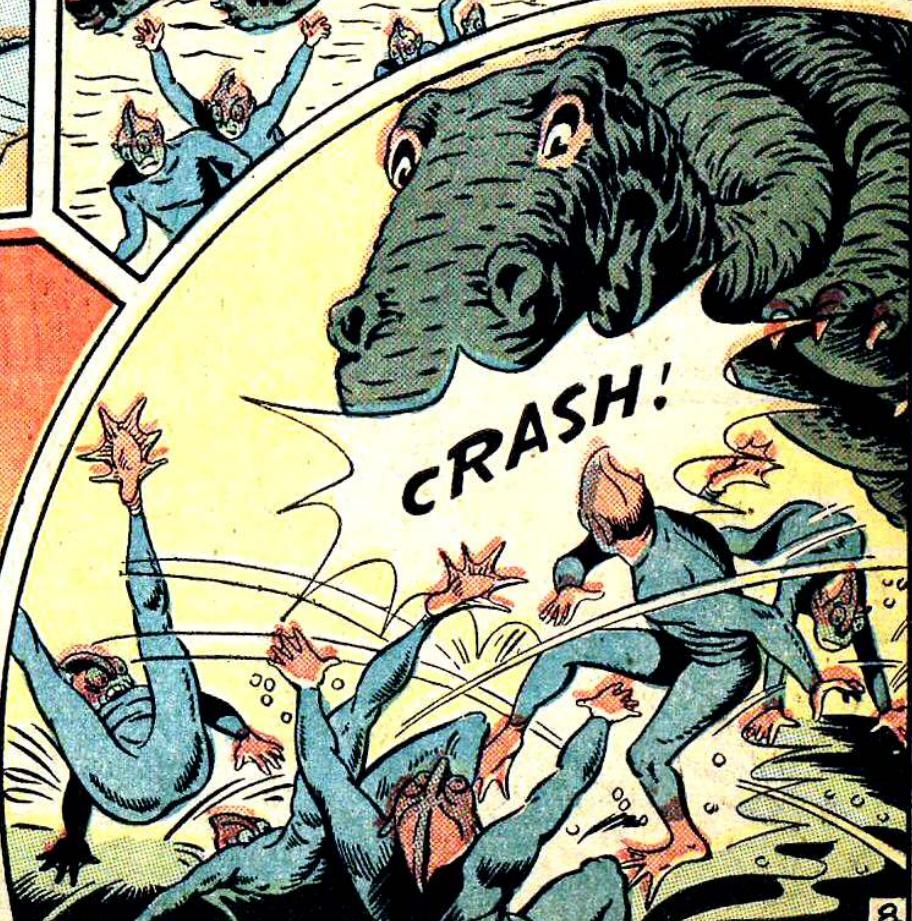
FUNNY, EH, ABBOTT? IN ORDER TO GET OUR DINO TO WORK, I HAD TO "FIRE" HIM!

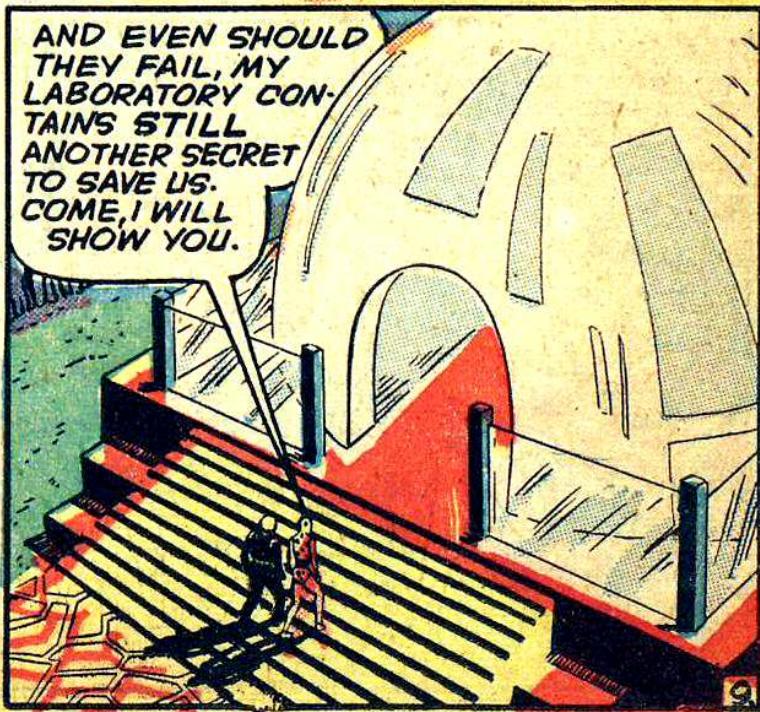
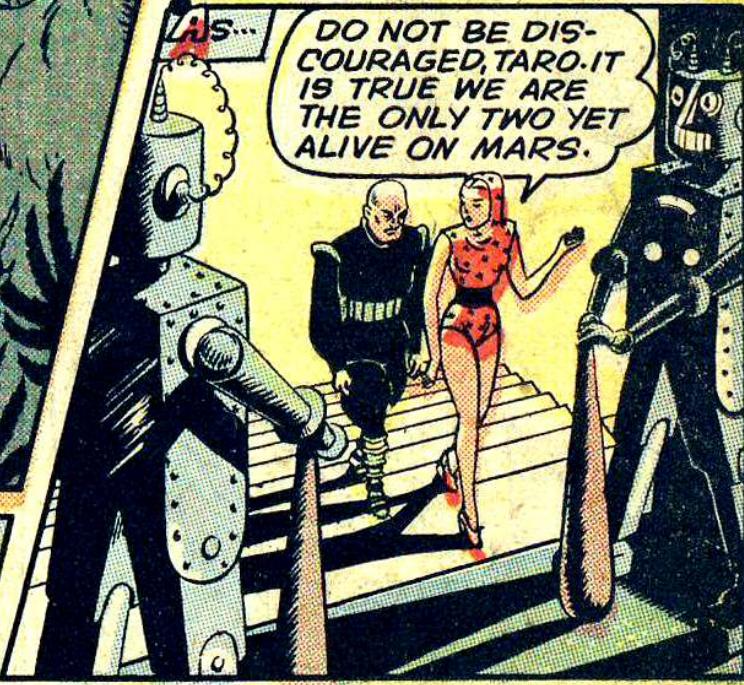
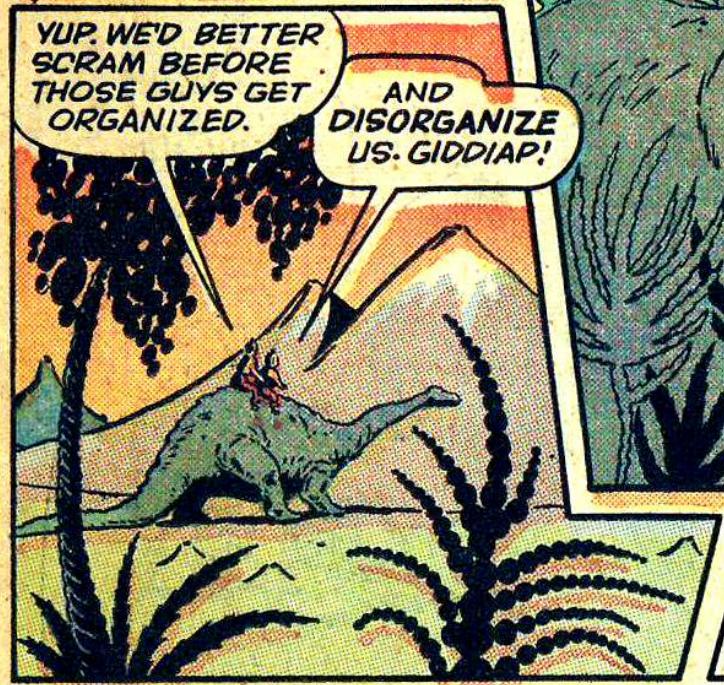


QUICKLY, MEN OF JUPITER, DISPERSE OR BE DISPERSED! TOO LATE WE'RE...



CRASH!



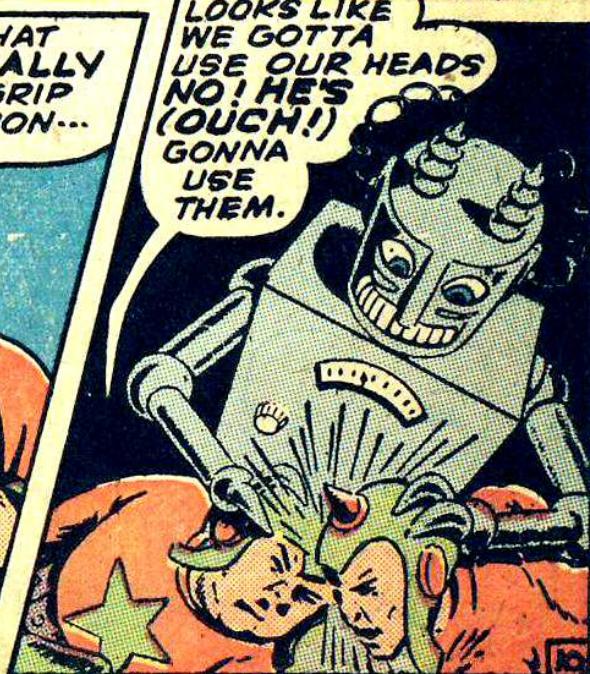


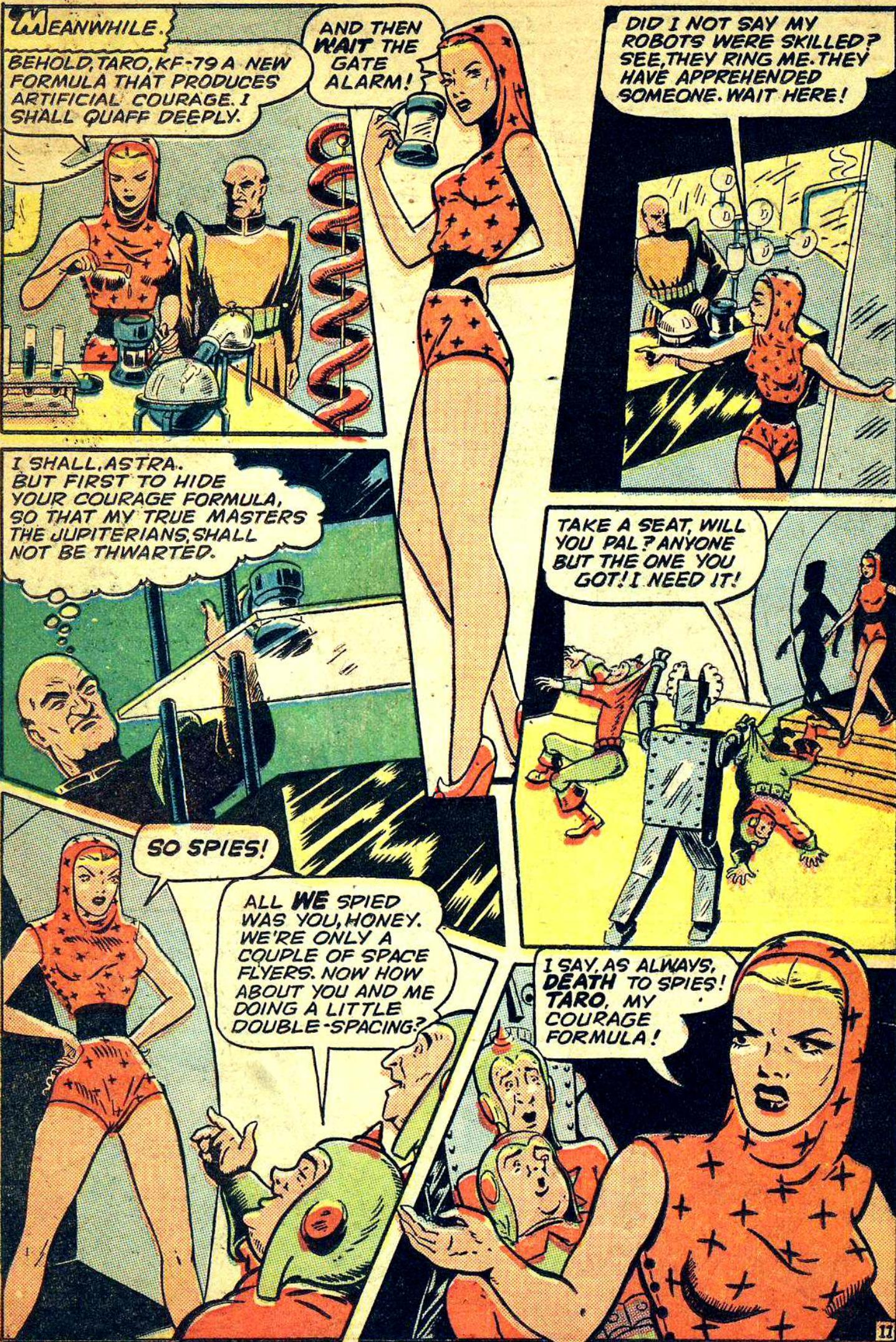
**M**EANWHILE VISITORS NEAR ASTRA'S  
LAB...

A CITY, COMPLETE  
WITH DOORMAN!  
SAY, ADMIRAL, TAKE  
MY BAG...BETTER  
KNOWN AS  
ABBOTT.

HEY,  
DINO'S  
SCARED!  
WHAT  
GOES  
ON?

I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT  
WE'RE  
GOING  
OFF!



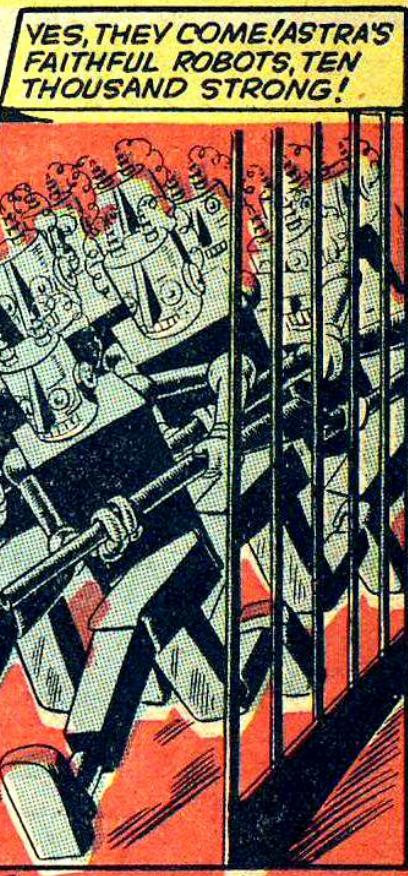
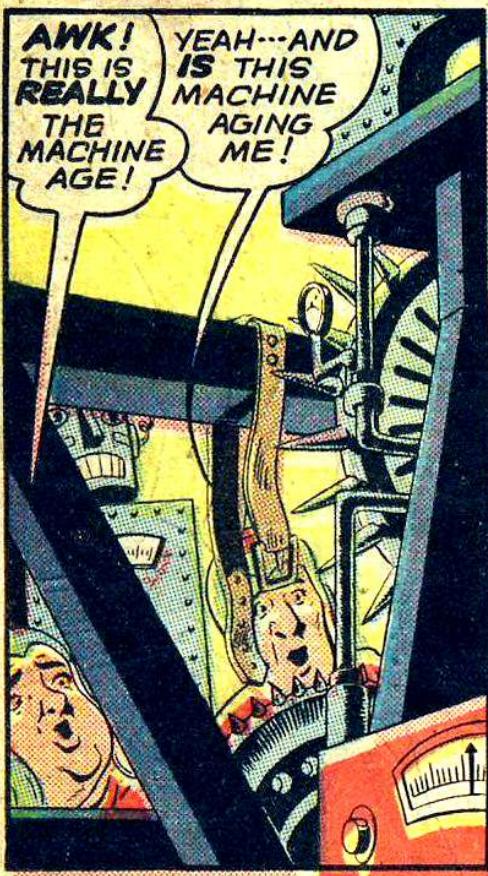
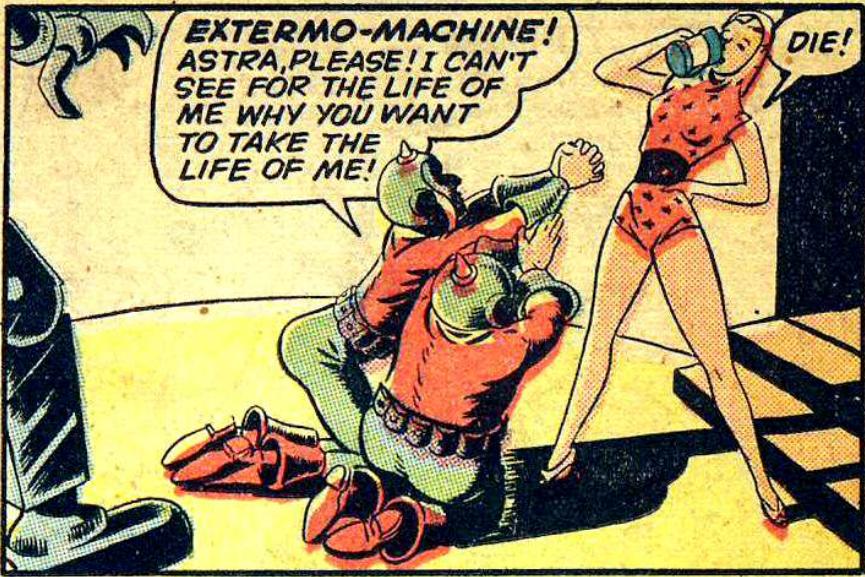


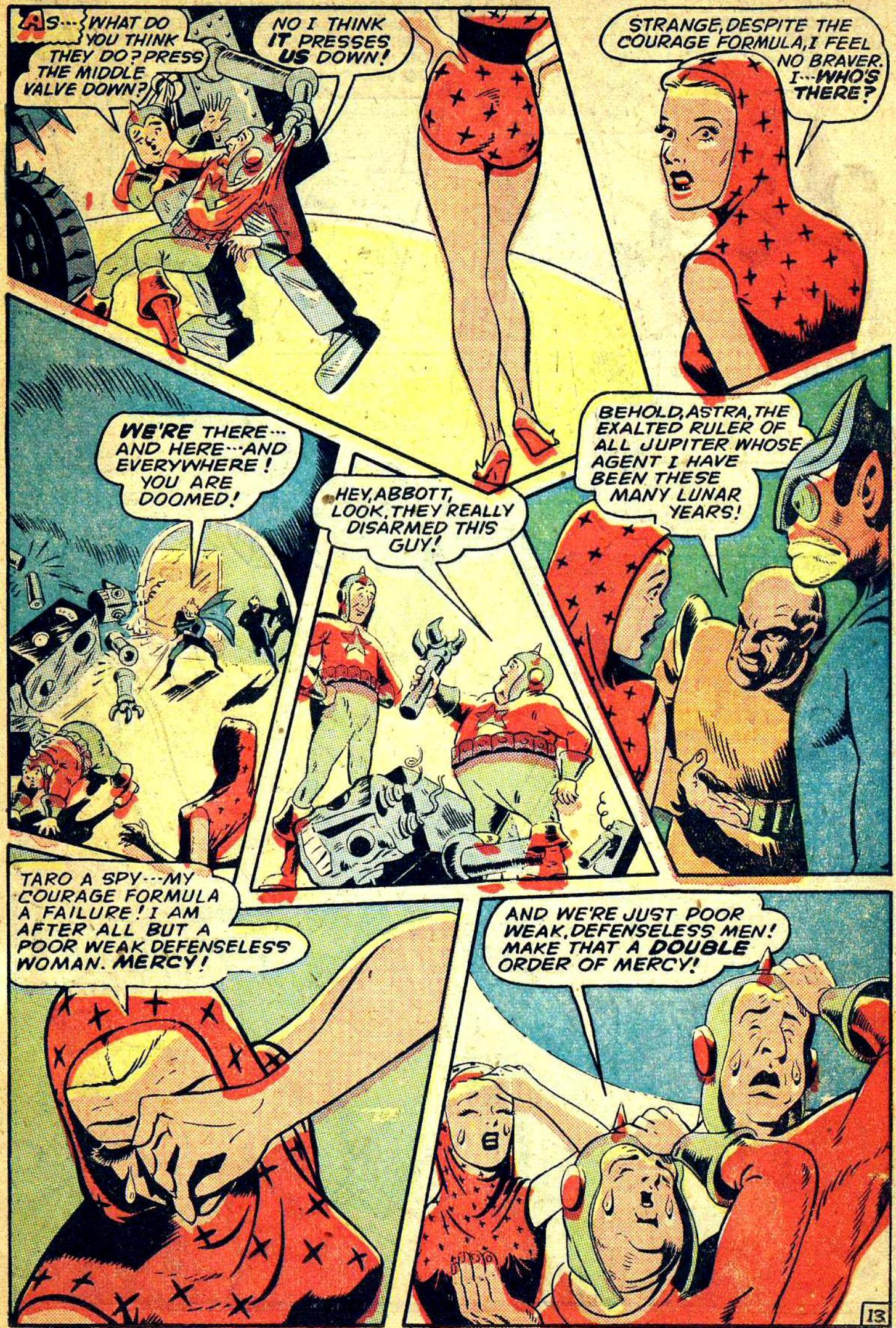
YES, ASTRA, YOU'LL  
NEED COURAGE TO  
WITNESS THE  
HORRORS OF THE  
EXTERMO-MACHINE.

DRINK DEEPLY  
OF PLAIN  
WATER,  
FOOL.

EXTERMO-MACHINE!  
ASTRA, PLEASE! I CAN'T  
SEE FOR THE LIFE OF  
ME WHY YOU WANT  
TO TAKE THE  
LIFE OF ME!

DIE!





TOO LATE I SEE  
THOSE BOYS WERE  
MY FRIENDS!

I KNOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO KILL  
ME. BUT IF YOU  
GRANT A LAST  
REQUEST, I WON'T  
EVER BOTHER  
YOU AGAIN!

HE'S RIGHT! IT'S MILITARY COURTESY  
TO GRANT LAST REQUESTS. YOU  
DON'T WANT US TO DIE, THINKING  
YOU HAVE BAD MANNERS,  
DO YOU?

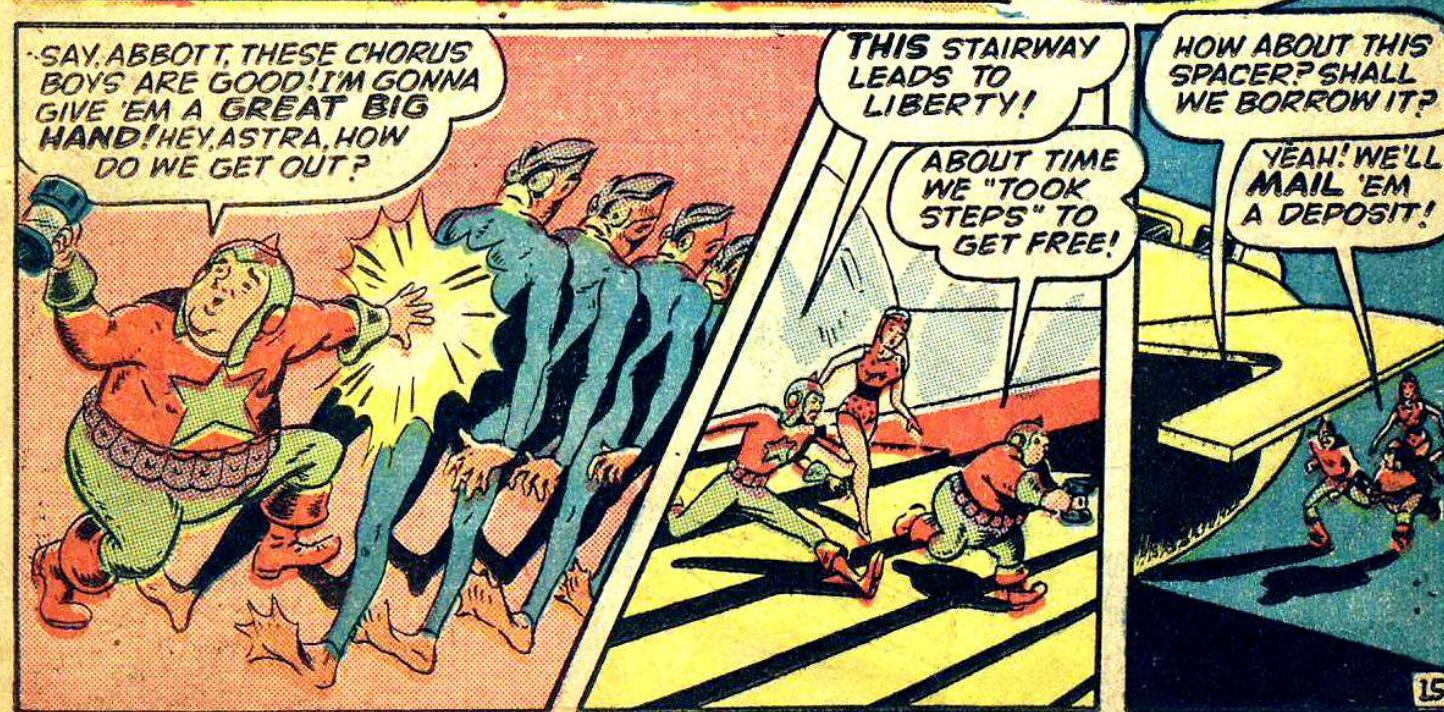
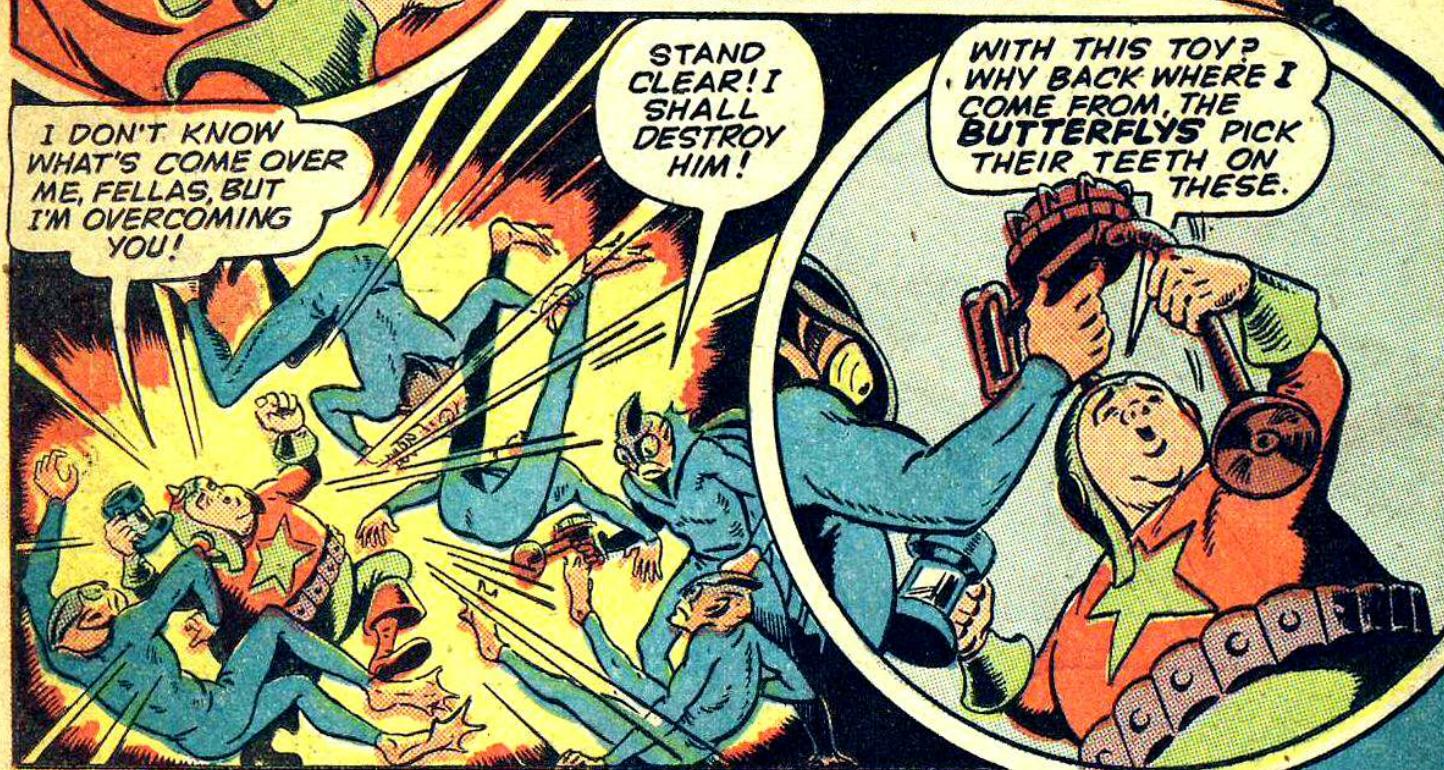
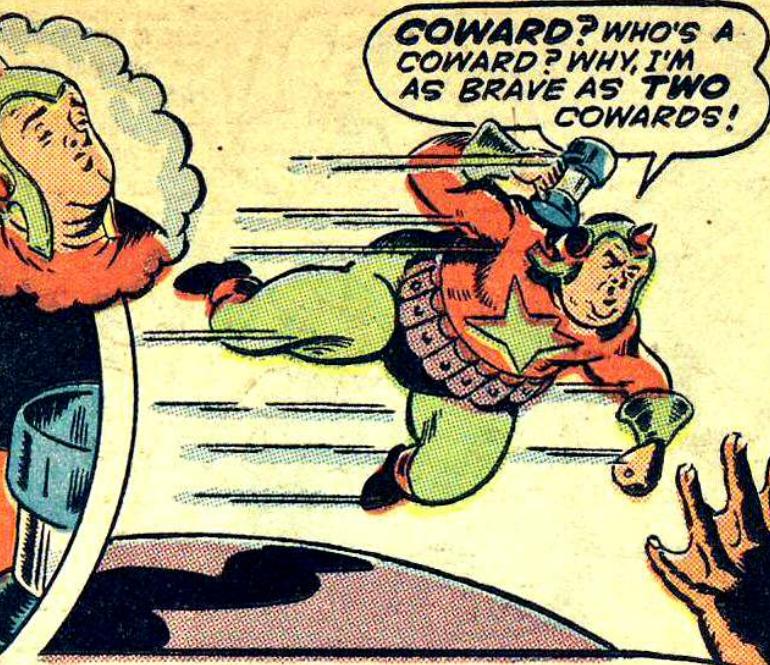
VERY WELL. I SHALL  
GRANT A LAST REQUEST  
FOR EACH OF YOU. SPEAK  
FIRST, FAT ONE!

LAST REQUEST, EH?  
WHAT DO I WANT?  
OH, I KNOW...A  
GLASS OF  
WATER!

TO WASH DOWN  
MY COLD PILLS. I  
WOULDN'T WANT  
TO START COUGH-  
ING AND DISTURB  
THE EXECUTIONER.

IDIOT!  
HERE'S  
WATER!

NO, MASTER, NO!  
YOU HAVE GIVEN  
HIM KF-79, ASTRA'S  
COURAGE  
FORMULA!



C-C-COSTELLO,  
THOSE CONTROLS!  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING?

SURE.  
AND I REALIZE  
YOU'RE NERVOUS,  
BUT WHY CHEW  
MY FINGER-  
NAILS?

BUT, CHEER UP, ABBOTT.  
MAYBE YOU WON'T **ALWAYS**  
BE A WHITE-LIVERED,  
GUMPTIONLESS,  
FRAIDY-CAT.

LISTEN...  
MOTORS!

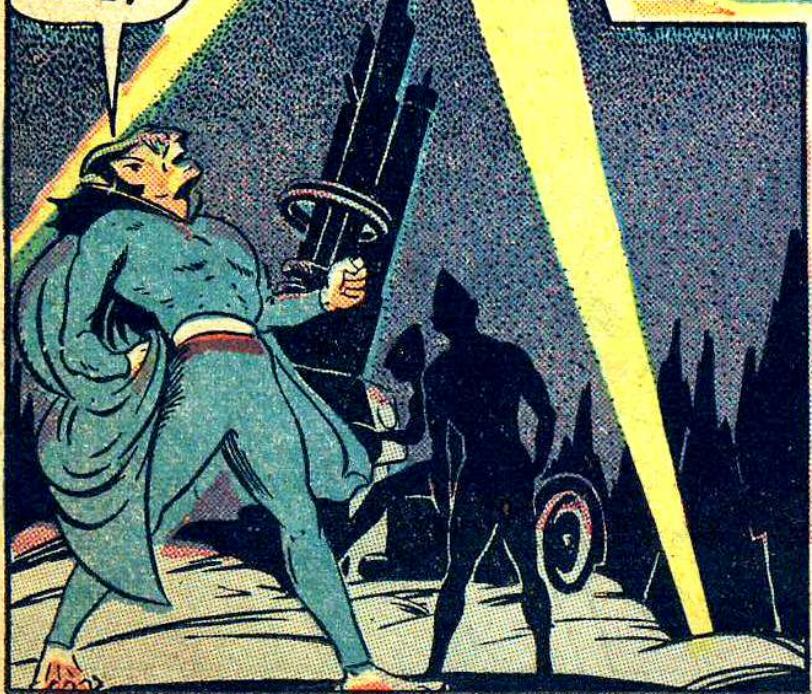
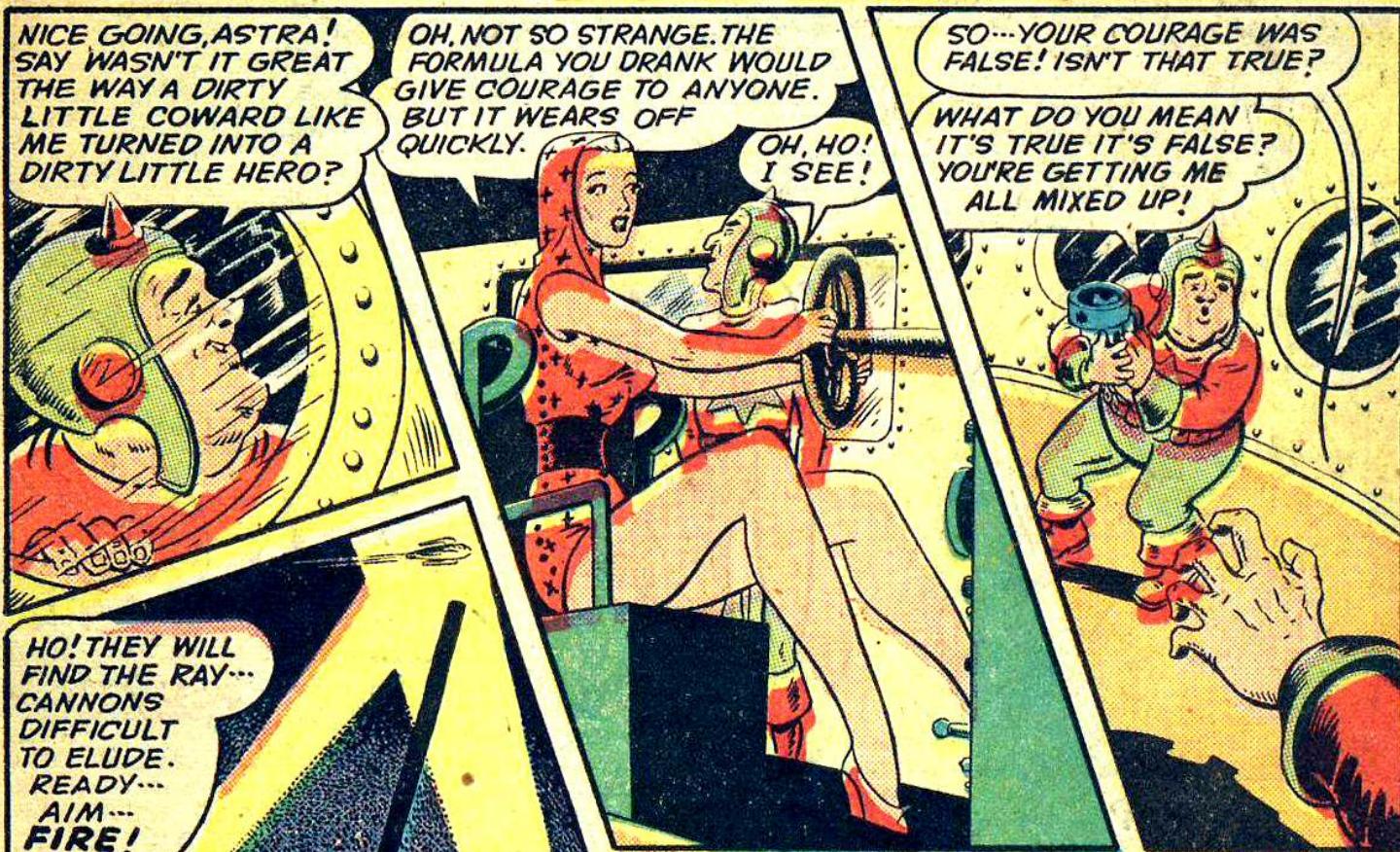
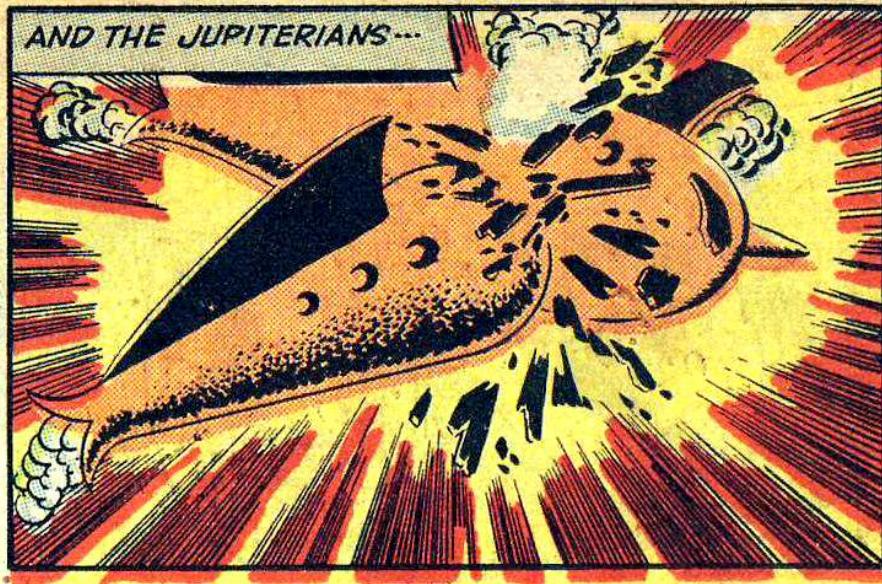
QUICKLY, MAN  
ALL SPACERS!  
DESTROY THOSE  
MARITAN DOGS.

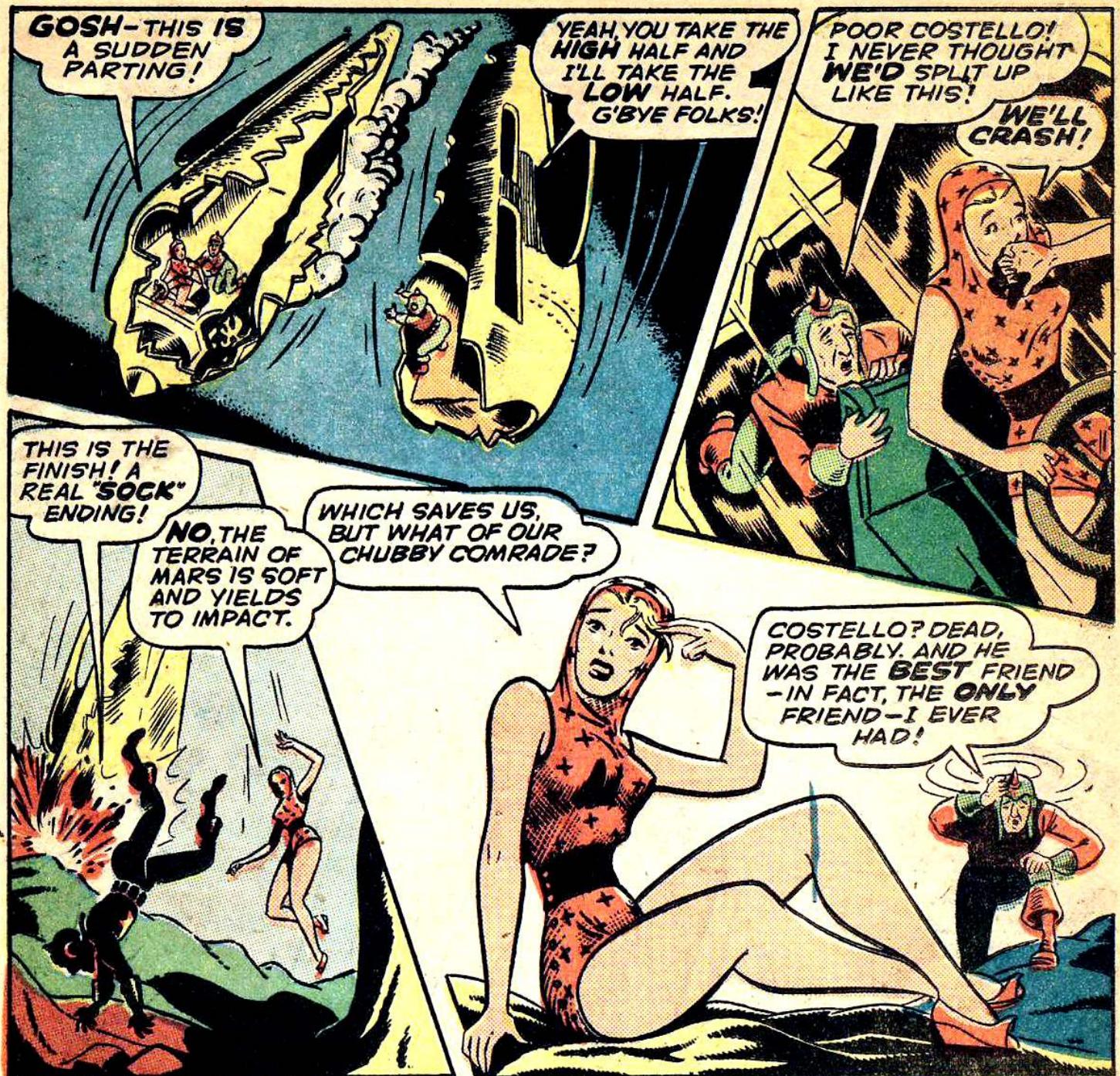
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?  
CAN I  
HELP?

HAH! LOOK, ABBOTT.  
HE THOUGHT HE WAS  
GOING TO BE A HERO,  
BUT DID HE TURN  
OUT TO BE A BIG  
BUST... **WHAT'S**  
**THAT!**

THAT? OH, THAT'S MERELY A  
PAIR OF ENEMY SHIPS CON-  
VERGING UPON YOU, LITTLE  
MAN.

WOW! TWO OF 'EM  
ARE CLOSING IN! A  
**REAL MAN'S** JOB...  
I'M STARTING TO  
WISH I WAS  
UNEMPLOYED!



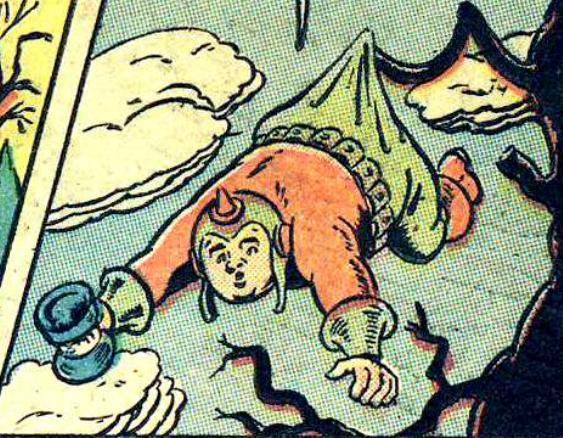


MEANWHILE SOME DISTANCE AWAY...

GEE, LEAVING AN OLD PAL SURE GIVES YOU A DROP!

BUT NO SENSE BROODING. I'M GONNA GET MY FEET ON THE GROUND—TO SAY (AWK!) NOTHING OF THE REST OF ME! HELP!

CAUGHT! BUT THIS IS ONE TIME I DON'T MIND BEING "STUMPED!"



THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE BRANCH OFFICE. BUT I HAVE TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

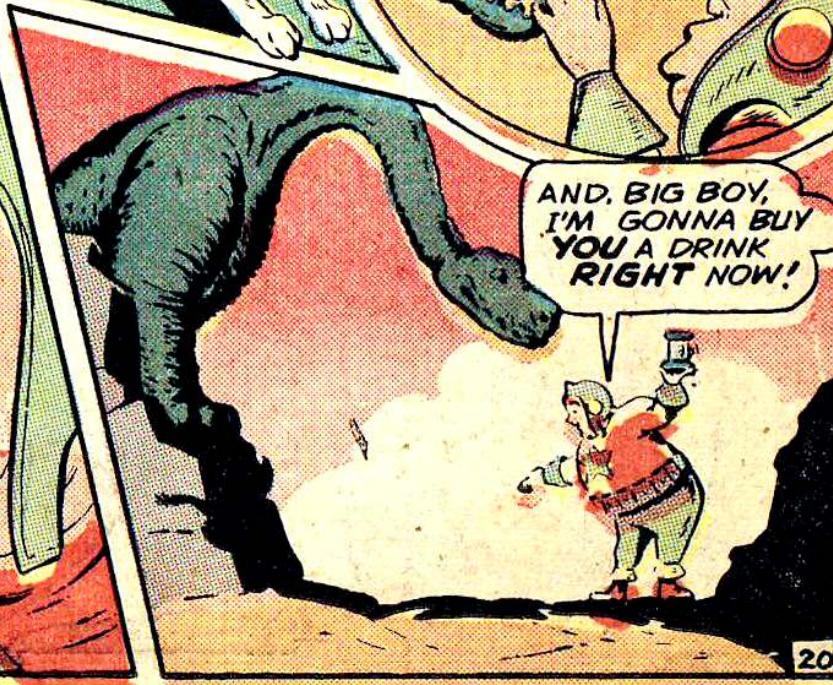
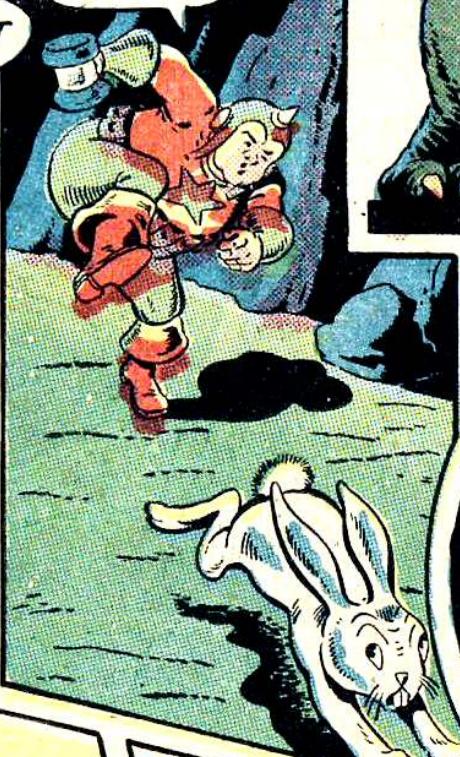
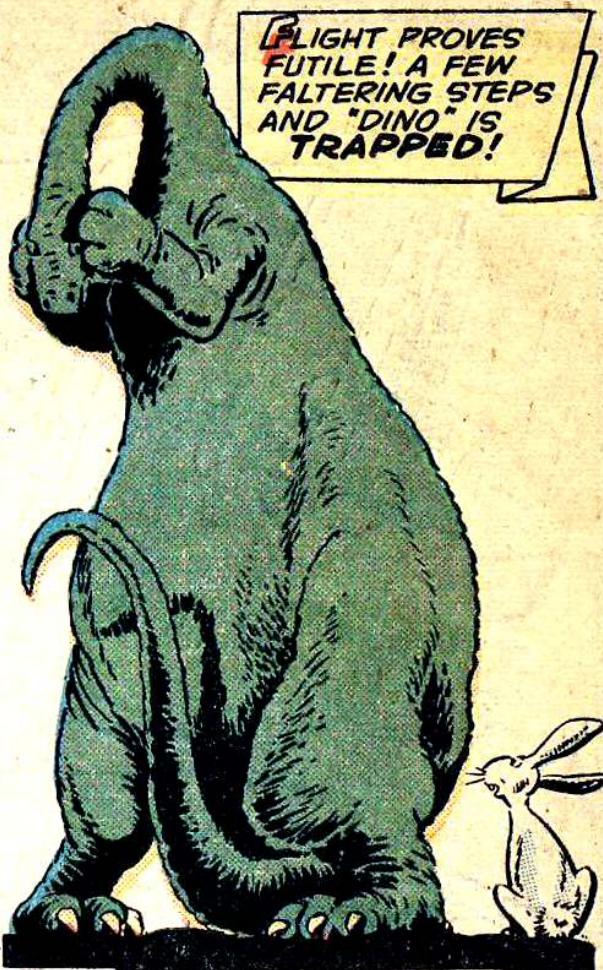
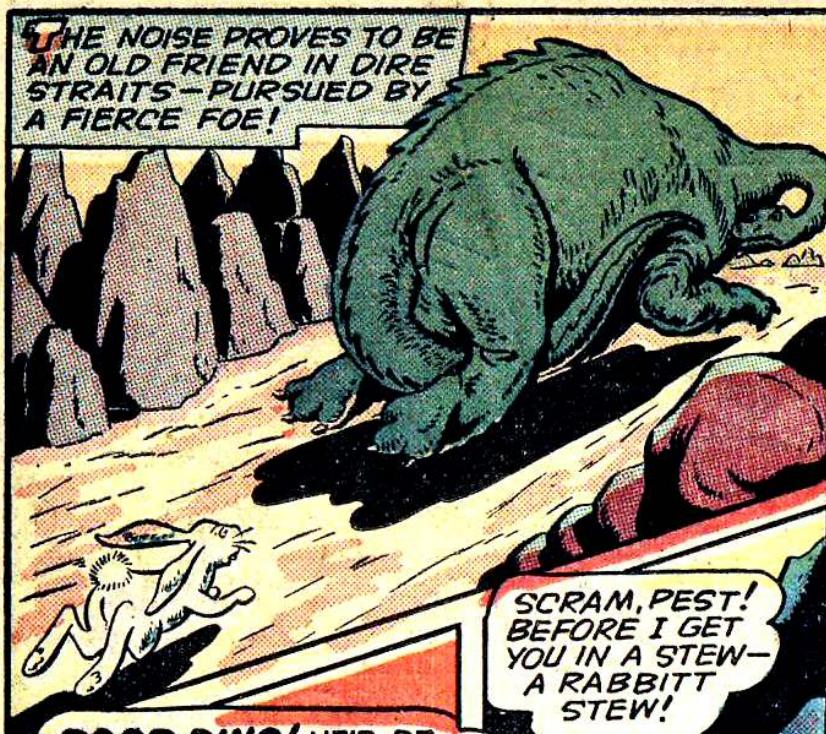
GOLLY, SURE IS NICE SCENERY. BUT I'D STILL RATHER BE A MAN OF THE WORLD!

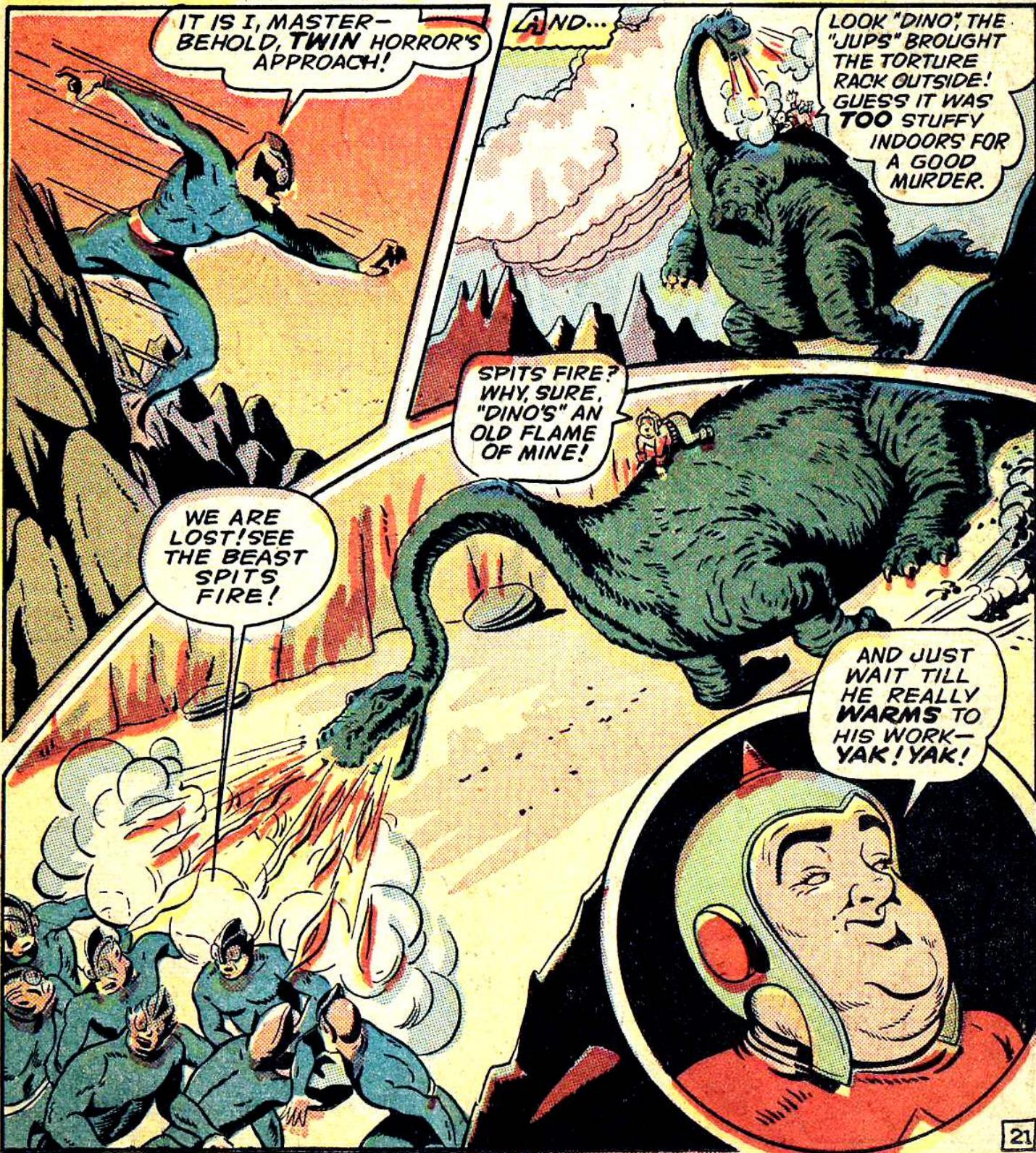
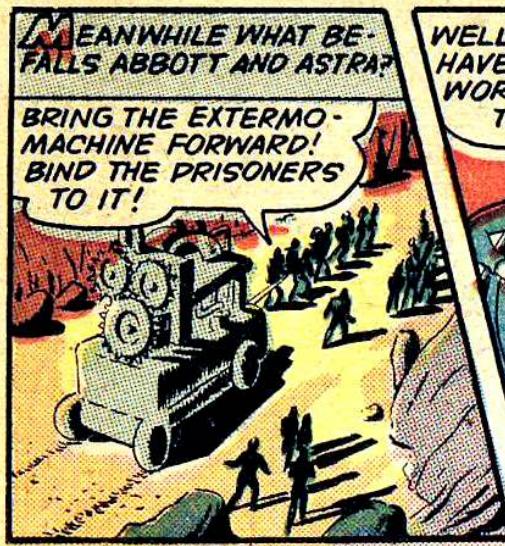


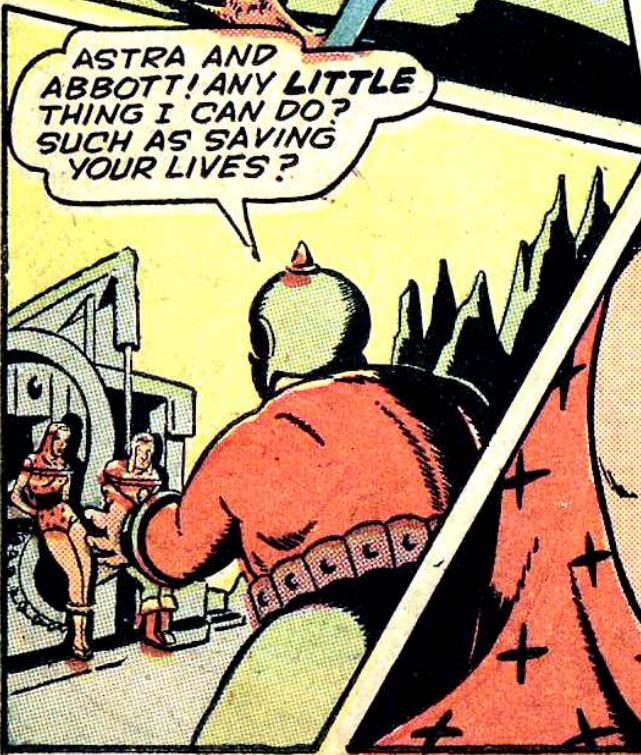
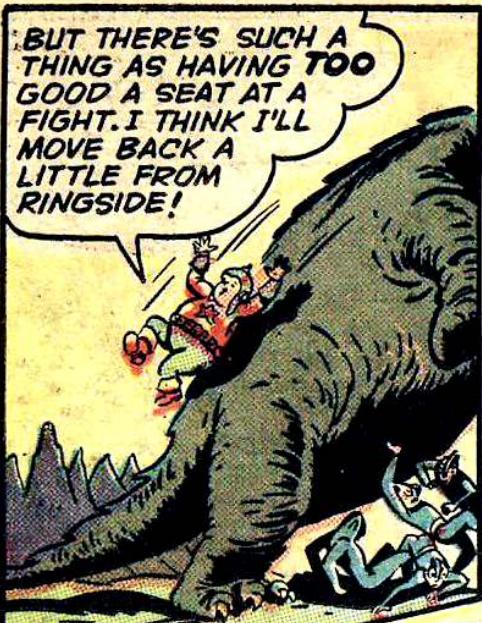
O' OH, NOISES!  
I WON'T BE LONELY LONG!  
IS THAT GOOD?

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ABBOTT AND ASTRA? I'M SO ALL ALONE. I'M ALSO LONELY, AND, ON TOP OF THAT, I'M VERY LONESOME!

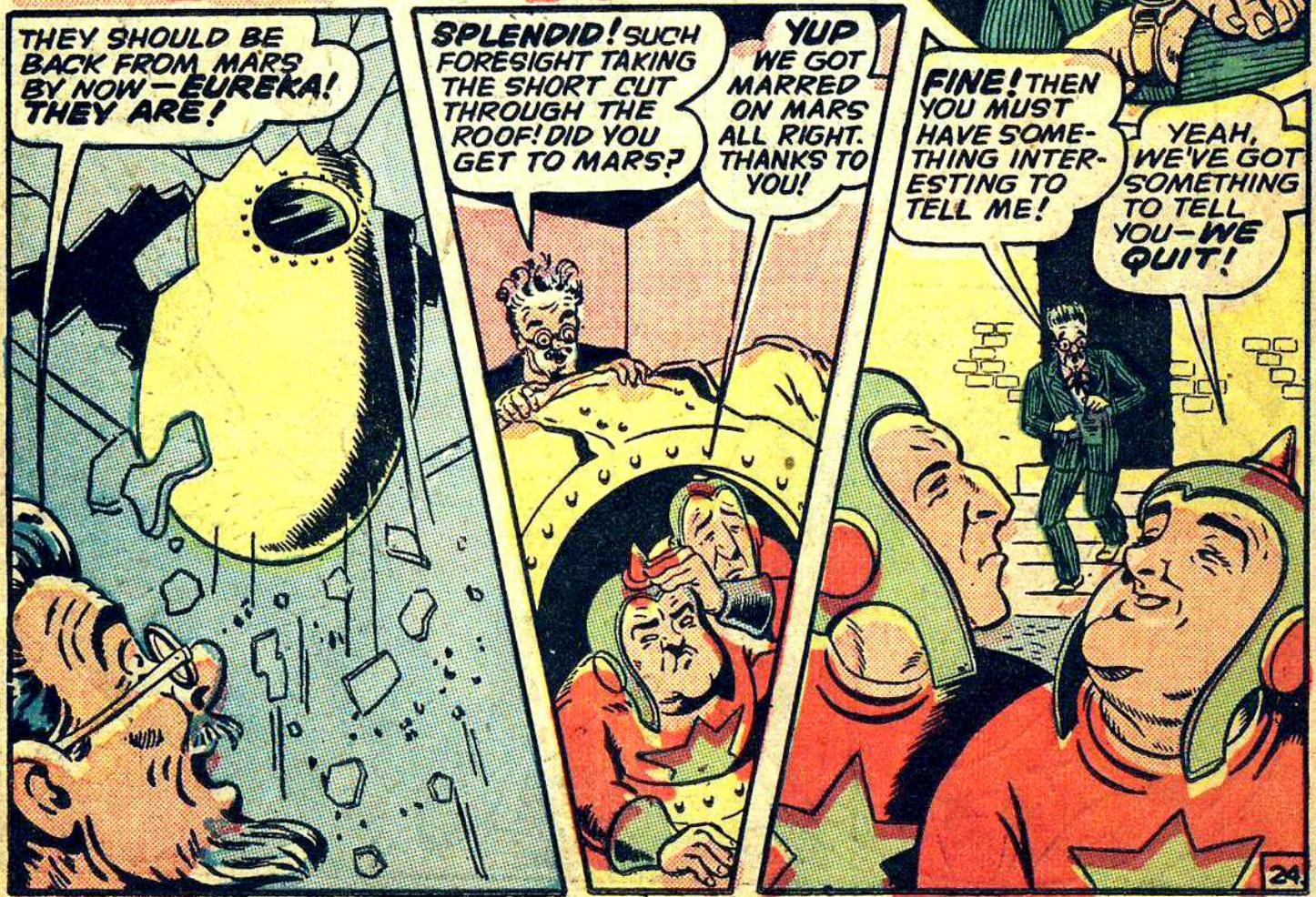
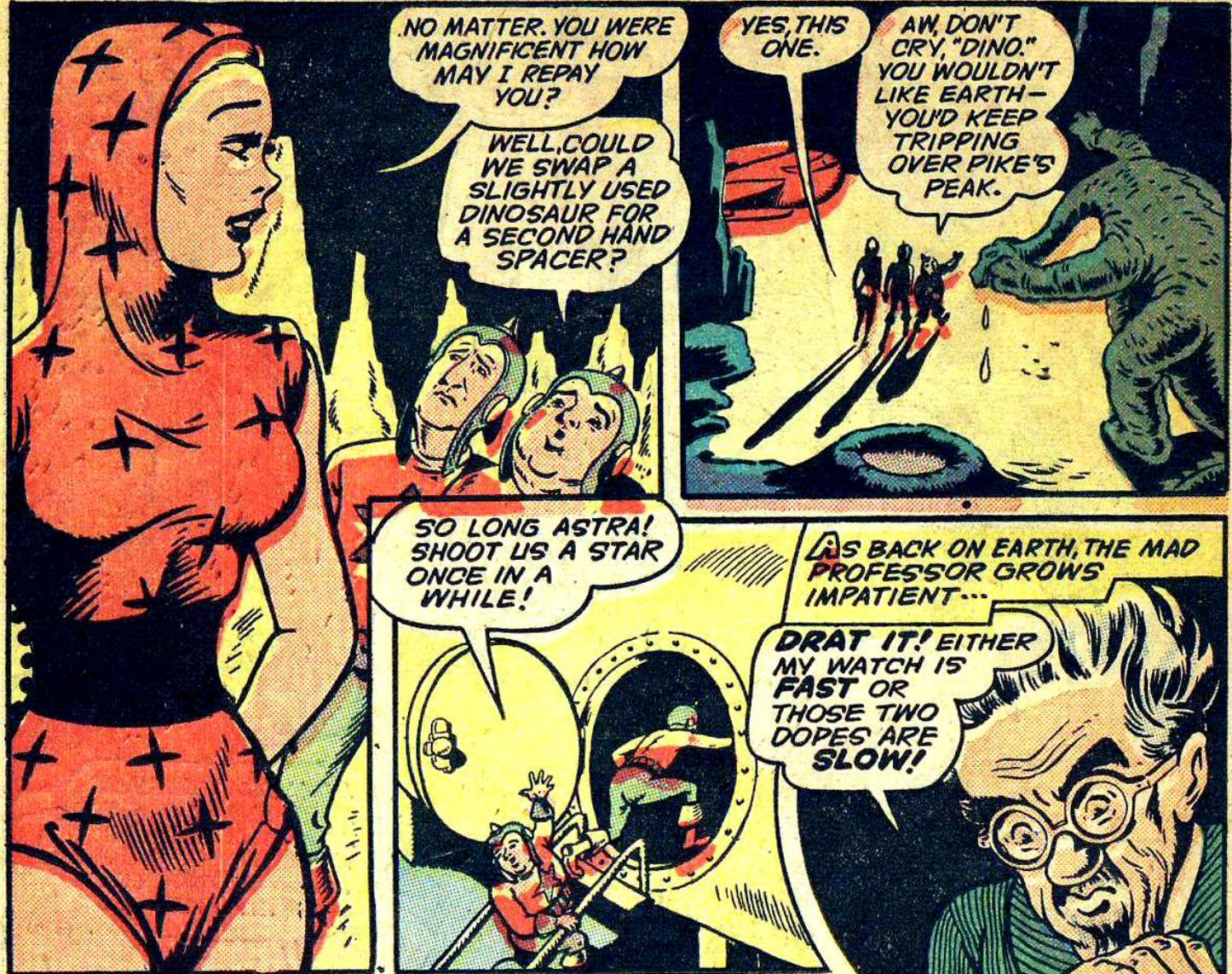












# ABBOTT and COSTELLO

in THEY'RE OFF-

AND HOW!



WHY THINGS ARE  
SO TOUGH, I'M  
DOWN TO MY LAST  
CHIN - HEY,  
SOMEONE'S  
KNOCKING!

COSTELLO, OUR  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE  
BUSINESS IS TOO  
PRIVATE! WE NEVER  
GET ANY CLIENTS.  
I'M SLOWLY  
STARVING.

YOU'RE  
SLOWLY  
STARVING,  
EH? SORRY,  
I CAN'T WAIT  
FOR YOU. I'M  
STARVED  
NOW!



PLEASE - YOU  
MUST HELP ME!  
I'VE LOST MY  
HORSE!



**LOST YOUR HORSE!**  
WHO ARE YOU KIDDING,  
BABE? GO HOME AND  
LOOK UNDER THE  
BUREAU!

NO, YOU CHAPS DON'T  
UNDERSTAND. SHE'S  
PATSY FURLONG, OWNER  
OF THE FAMOUS RACER,  
ZIP. IT'S BEEN  
THEFTED YOU KNOW.

I'M DEREK SIDE-SADDLE, ZIP'S  
TRAINER. I'VE ADVISED MISS  
FURLONG TO HIRE YOU  
SLEUTHS!

I SEE! IN  
THAT CASE  
WE'LL CHANGE  
OUR ATTITUDES  
AND COSTUMES.

A FEW TRAFFIC LIGHTS LATER,  
THE GROUP NEARS THE TRACK...

WE'LL DROP YOU  
HERE, CHAPS. AND  
I KNOW YOU'LL  
SUCCEED!

PAL, YOU SAID  
A MOUTHFUL—  
WITH A BRITISH  
ACCENT!

ISN'T THIS  
CLEVER, PRE-  
TENDING  
WE'RE  
JOCKEYS?

NO! I THINK  
WE SHOULD  
DISGUISE OUR-  
SELVES AS  
STABLES!

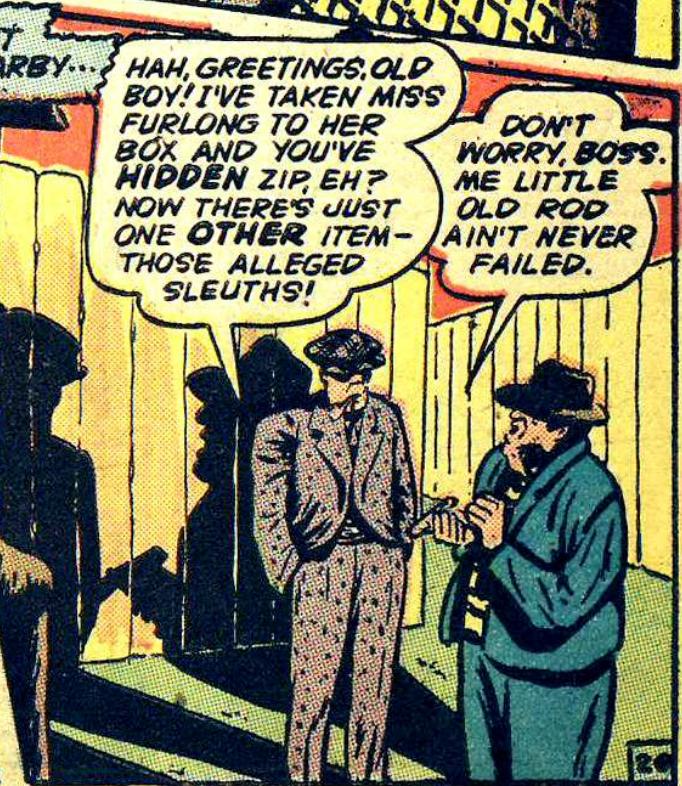
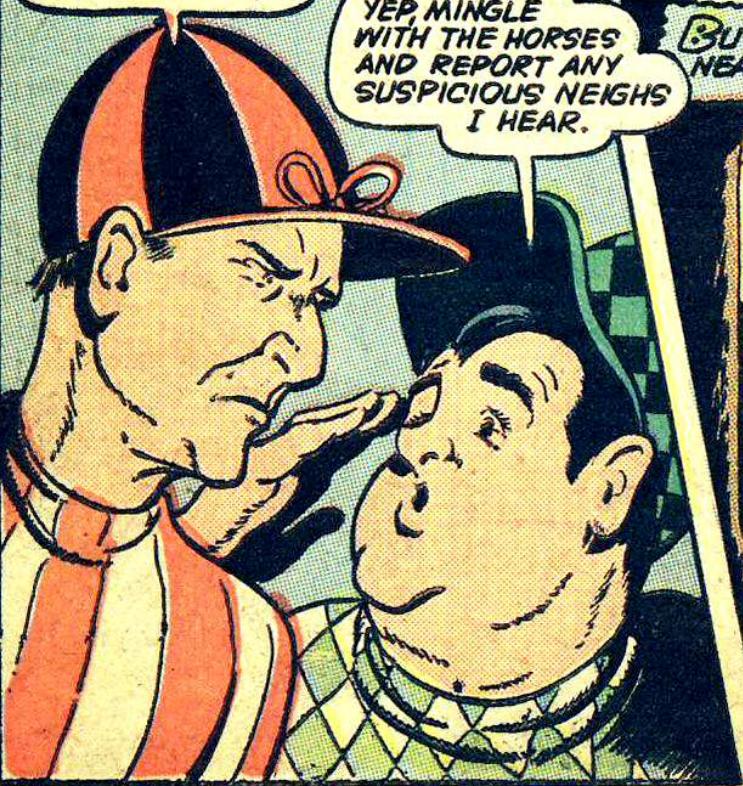
OH, HUSH, YOU IDIOT!  
WE'LL PART HERE.  
NOW DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO?

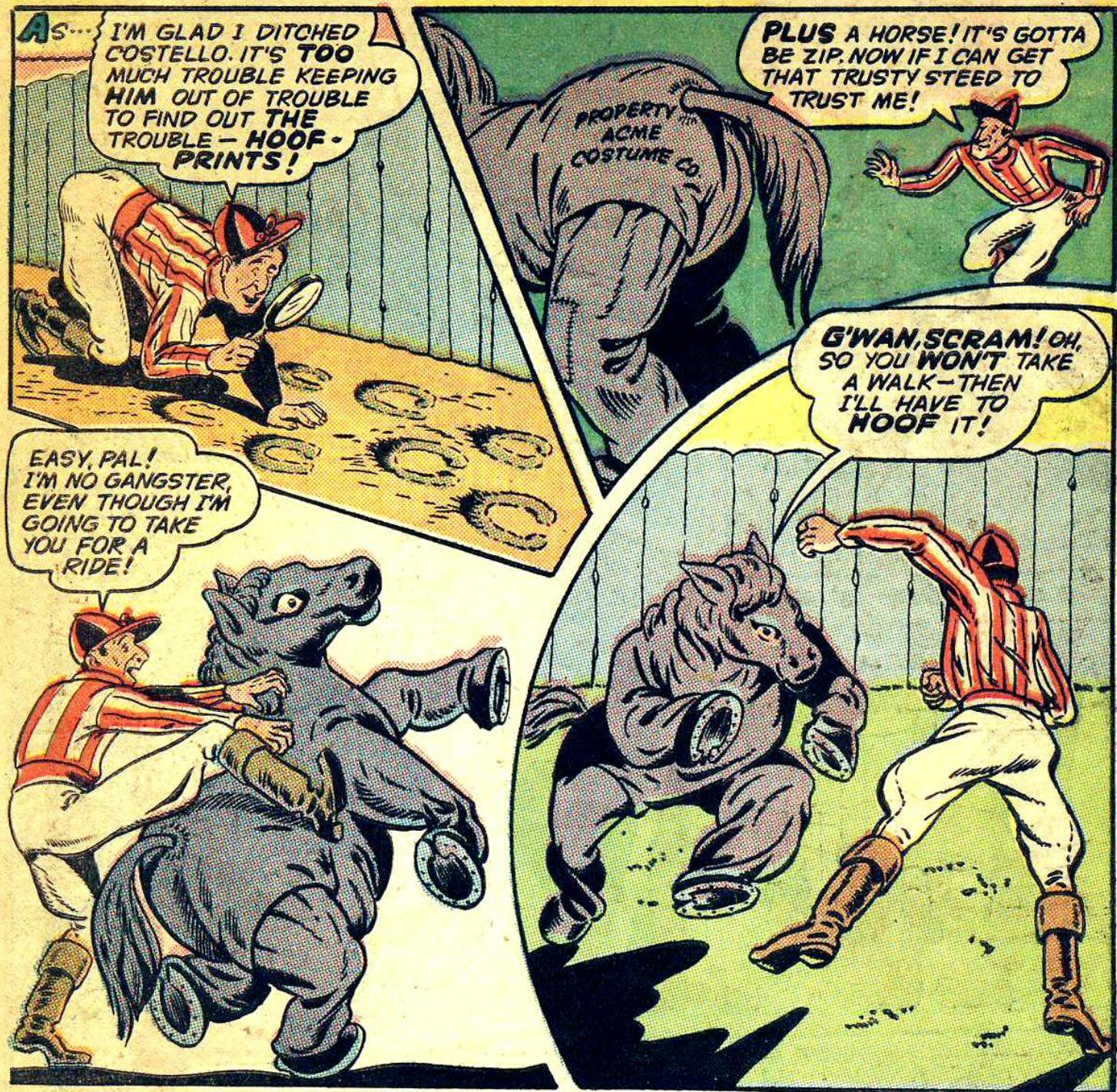
YEP, MINGLE  
WITH THE HORSES  
AND REPORT ANY  
SUSPICIOUS NEIGHS  
I HEAR.

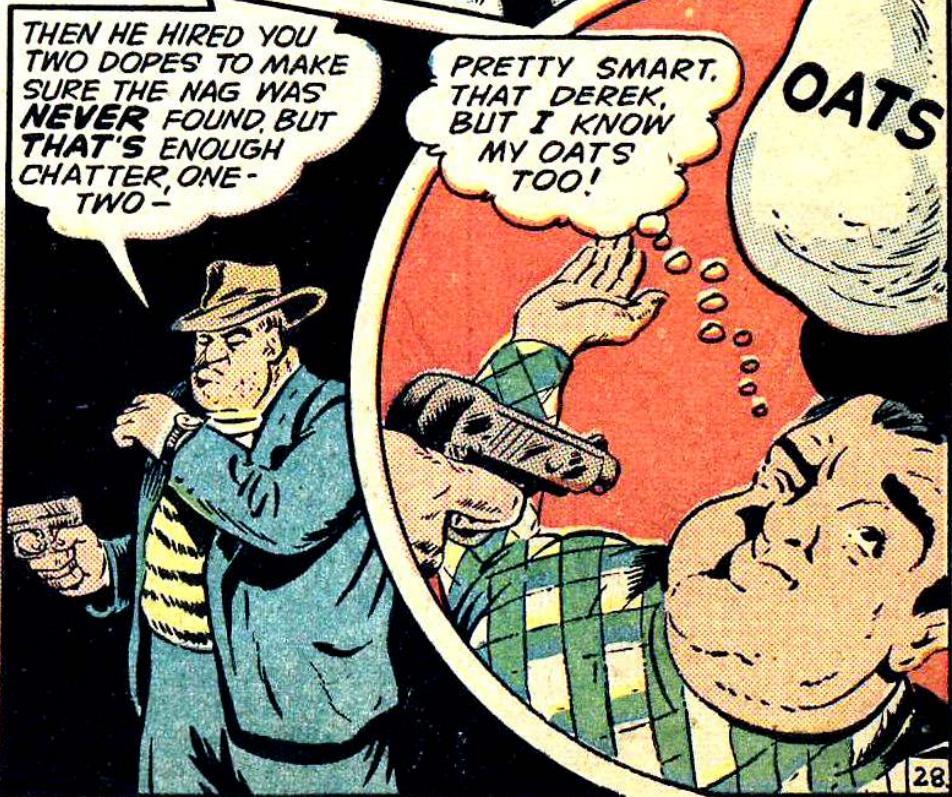
BUT  
NEARBY...

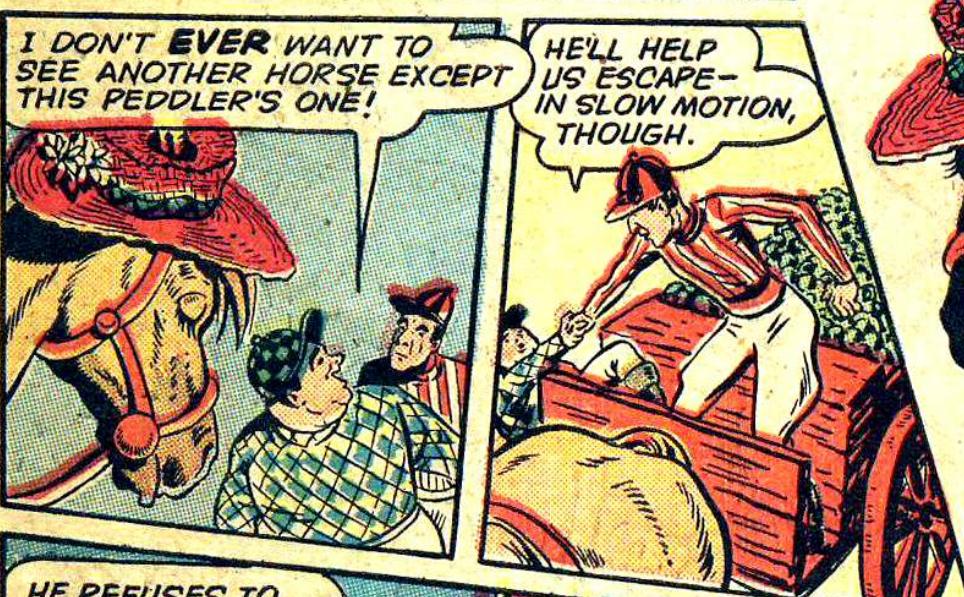
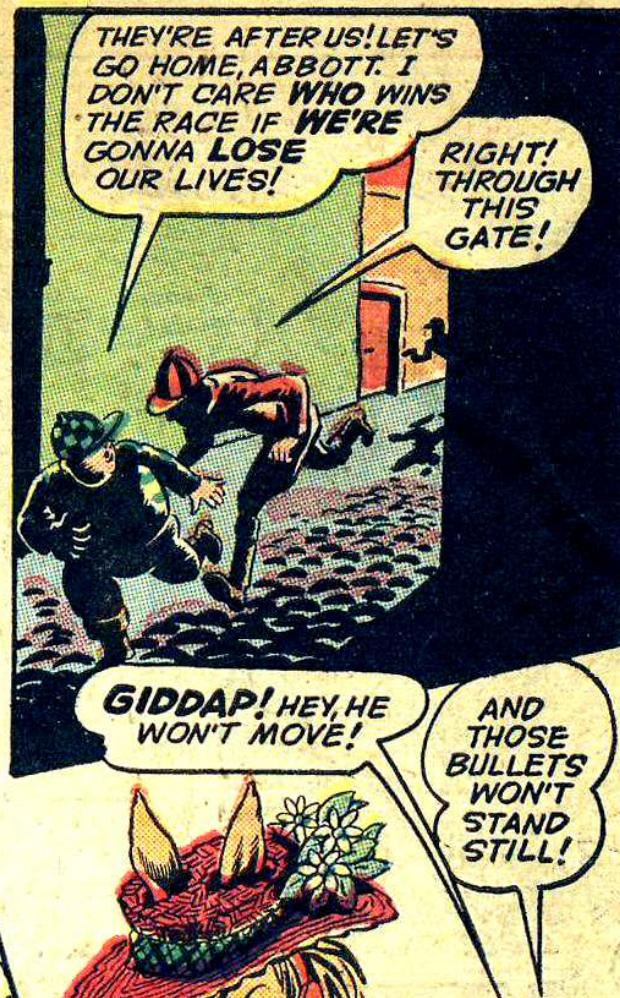
HAH, GREETINGS, OLD  
BOY! I'VE TAKEN MISS  
FURLONG TO HER  
BOX AND YOU'VE  
HIDDEN ZIP, EH?  
NOW THERE'S JUST  
ONE OTHER ITEM—  
THOSE ALLEGED  
SLEUTHS!

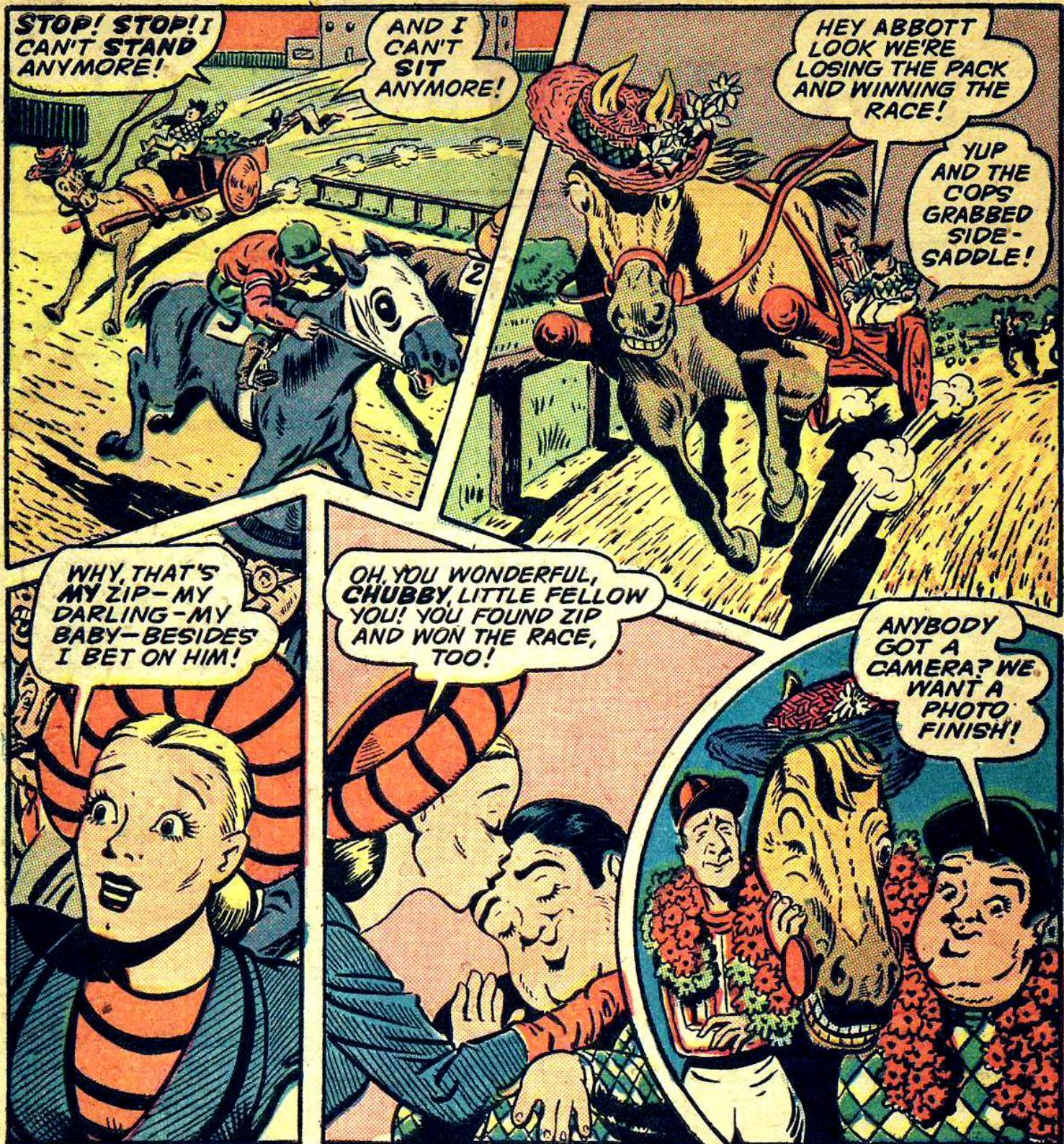
DON'T  
WORRY, BOSS.  
ME LITTLE  
OLD ROD  
AIN'T NEVER  
FAILED.











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# YOU'RE ALL WED!

**L**OU COSTELLO was wearing a gray suit and a harried expression as he waddled from the elevator of the huge office building.

"Where do I find Mr. Abbott's office?" he asked the operator.

"Right down the hall. You can't miss it. It's the door that needs washing."

Costello, graceful as an avalanche, made his way as directed, then paused with his hand on the knob. What sort of deal was this? What was Abbott up to now? What did those gilt letters "ABBOTT'S MATRIMONIAL BUREAU. BRANCHES: PARIS, LONDON AND HOBOKEN" mean? Should he get mixed up in this? Probably not. Yet Abbott had seemed eager on the phone — so eager, in fact, that he had forgotten to reverse the charges, as he usually did. Oh, well, it couldn't hurt to look.

"Come in. Come in, Sir," greeted Abbott looking up from his desk. "Oh, it's *only* you, Costello." Suddenly he brightened. "Little friend, I have the chance of a lifetime here for you. Take a chair!"

"Looks like the finance company beat me to it," answered Costello, as he vainly hunted the practically barren office for a seat.

"Well, I'm just getting started, of course. Kind of scarce on furniture, but let me assure there is no dearth of opportunity for a bright young man. Or for you, either, Costello. I'm really on to something big. Naturally, the first one I thought of was you. How would you like to get married?"

Costello began to pale. It took some moments, of course, for a blanch, no matter how hard working, to cover his figure, but finally he managed to croak, "Married? But, Abbott,

this is so sudden. I had no idea you cared. I never—"

"Now don't drag out any day-old jokes. What I mean is this. Getting people married is my business. You see, everyone wants to get married. But you don't always get to meet the right person. That's where I come in — by introducing you to your soul mate. The Abbott Matrimonial Bureau, Branches Paris, London and Hoboken, eliminates all elements of chance and reduces marriage to a scientific basis. Girl meets proper boy; they marry; they send me a fee. And everybody's happy! Now about *your* case—"

"But, Abbott, I don't want to get married! I've got to support a poor, old gray-haired bookmaker. I—"

"Nonsense! Just wait till you see the young lady I have in mind for you. Oh, Constance, would you mind lumbering in here for a minute?"

Heavy footsteps sounded an approach and the room shook as though in the grip of a junior varsity earthquake. Costello looked up (four feet up) to behold a girl who was undeniably moulded on classical lines. Indeed, she bore a rather startling resemblance to the Roman Colosseum. Bending daintily as her out-sized head shattered the chandelier, she patted Costello's brow. He felt the start of a mild brain concussion and a fresh bruise was raised at each gentle stroke.

"Why, of course, I'll marry you, Darling," boomed the huge Constance in a voice that would have shamed the coast artillery.

"Gee, that's swell," smiled Costello. "We'll just have a quiet little affair at the Yankee Stadium, and— Hey, what am I saying? I

don't want to marry her!"

"You don't?" asked Abbott. "But surely you think she's beautiful?"

"Beautiful? Yeah, sure. But so are the Rocky Mountains and I don't want to marry them, either. LEMME OUT OF HERE!"

"Oh, now let's not be hasty. Let's look at some of my other clients first. I'm certain you'll find someone to love and to cherish from this day forward. You're excused, Constance. Just slam the door of your cage behind you, please. This way, Costello!"

Costello looked frantically for an avenue of escape, but only the door presented itself. And the key was gone! Abbott had swallowed it upon his entrance. Well, he might just as well look at that. Abbott was right. It was time he got married! Perhaps the girl of his dreams was right here in Abbott's office waiting for him. Gee, wouldn't that be something! Someone to chase his loneliness! Someone with whom to share his hopes, his dreams and bubble gum!

His reverie was interrupted by Abbott who was proudly indicating a young lady seated in the reception room. "Now, then, Costello, how do you like Estelle?"

Costello looked, then gasped. It was some moments before he could manage to stammer, "Why—Why, she's lovely, Abbott. Absolutely lovely—but there's just one thing."

"Yes?"

"She has two heads!"

"No extra charge," smiled Abbott. "Say, wait, Costello! Get away from that window! Don't jump! Please don't think I'm trying to high pressure you into anything," he snarled, gripping the little fat fellow's wrist in a fierce judo hold. "But we strive to please. Just do me the favor of meeting Gertrude. If you don't think she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, you're free to walk out of this door. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal," gasped a grateful Costello.

"Well, come along then. Actually I had been

saving Gertrude for a South American millionaire. However, you are my best friend and it's only fair that I—"

Costello followed but he wasn't listening. He was off in another world picturing the life to follow with Gertrude. Hah! At last Abbott had realized he wasn't a sucker! Now he was forced to display a good looking girl! But perhaps he had meant to do that all along. The other two had only been jokes. He should have known Abbott would have his old buddy's welfare at heart. Gosh, when he married this beautiful Gertrude, the very first people he'd ask over to the house would be Abbott and the plumber. Good, old Abbott! The best friend a—"

"And this, Costello," announced Abbott, "is Gertrude. I defy you to deny that she is the best looking girl you have ever seen!"

There was no denying it. Gertrude was the most beautiful girl Costello had ever seen. Speechless, he regarded her perfect features. Those clothes! That air of good breeding! Gingerly, he extended a chubby finger and patted that beautiful face.

"Abbott, she is. She's the most beautiful creature ever." He paused a second and sighed like a typhoon raging through the Philippines, "BUT SHE'S WAX!"

The contract dropped from Abbott's disappointed hands, "Gosh, Costello, you are hard to please!"

In his wrath Costello shook like a dish of agitated oatmeal, "Your matrimonial agency is a flop—a fake! Phooey, I'm getting out of here! I can do better than this in Brooklyn!"

"You can?" asked Abbott eagerly. "Has she got a friend for me?"

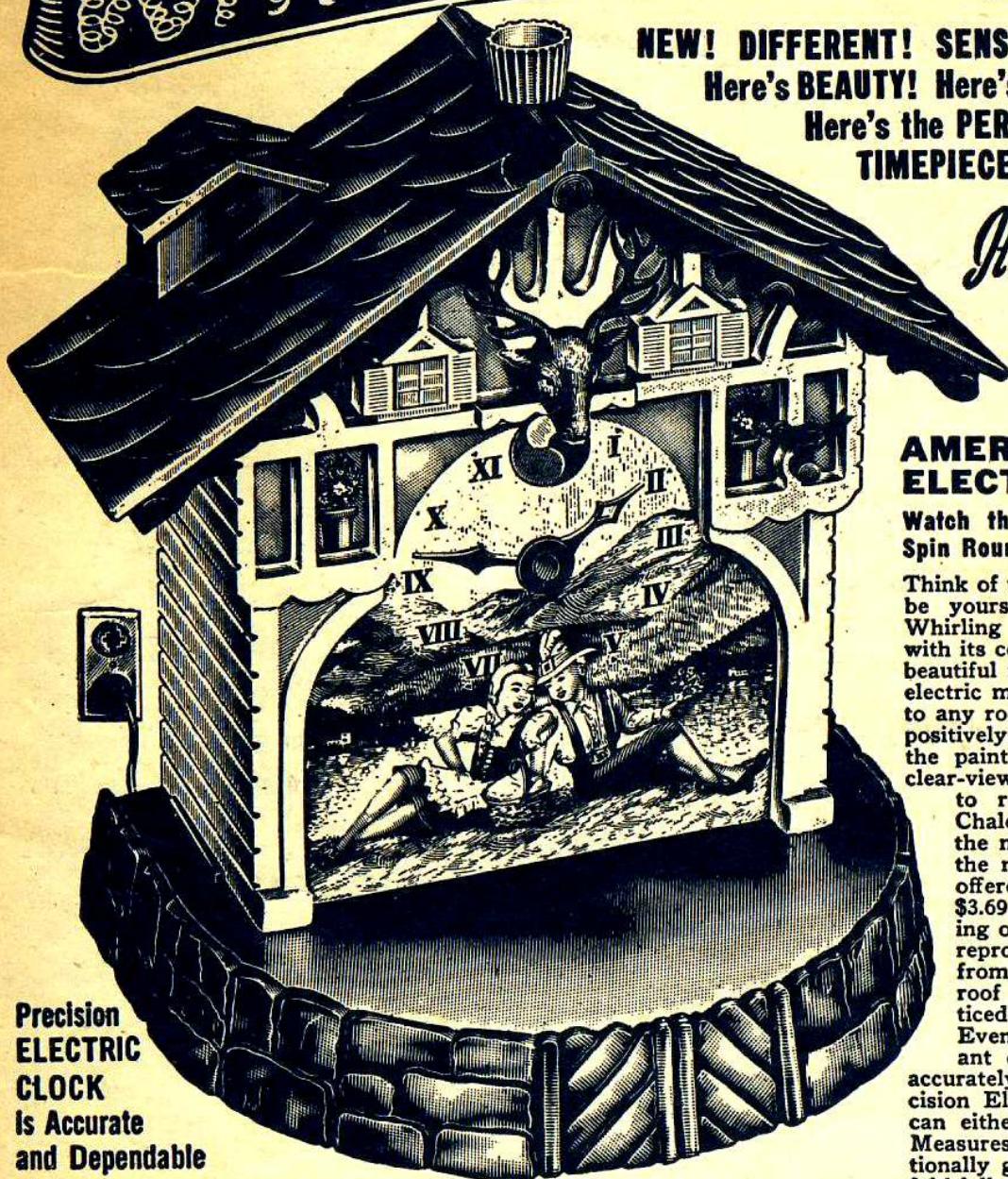
"Sure. But remember I get the one who speaks English! C'mon!"

The door slammed on their departure. Abbott's Matrimonial Bureau, Branches Paris, London and Hoboken, had dissolved.

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